

CHATELAIN



Ten Cents
JANUARY 1942

IN THIS ISSUE:

*I Can Look
Better on Less*

By CAROLYN DAMON

From All of Us on Chatelaine's Editorial Staff To All of You..

Greetings and High Hopes for 1942

It's a crucial year that lies ahead.
...A year in which the exciting keyed-up world of women is more aware of its personal responsibilities; more interested in the world outside the home; more conscious of the vital importance of the job of home-making under war conditions.

...It's a year which challenges the staff of *Chatelaine* to a more dynamic editorial program to meet your increased tempo of living.

POINTERS FOR 1942

When the candid cameraman wandered through the editorial offices, he found most of the staff at work with pencils in their hand—pointing! It's a habit that's hard to break and so, individually and collectively, we point to plans for the New Year.

YOUR RELAXATION...Vitally human fiction. More top-notch writers. More new discoveries. More of your favorites.

YOUR NEWS...What's going on in Canada? What are women thinking? Doing? Saying? We'll tell you!

YOUR HOME-MAKING...more than ever your job means that you must understand the value of nutrition, of careful buying, of new ideas in food preparation. War restrictions mean a more intelligent use of modern ideas for your home planning and decorating.

YOUR CHILDREN...their health, their training, their development.

YOUR WAR WORK...the national needs, suggestions for raising money; other women's ideas.

YOURSELF...how to meet the demands of the times; your efficient, attractive appearance; your social, club, and personal interests.



WATCH THE PAGES OF CHATELAINE
IN THE YEAR AHEAD FOR A MONTHLY
CROSS SECTION OF THE INTERESTS
OF CANADIAN WOMEN AT WAR



BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, editor (seated), discusses some of the magazine's plans for 1942 with H. Napier Moore, editorial director. Already a long line-up of your favorite authors scheduled for coming months.



HELEN CAMPBELL (right) checks a recipe in Chatelaine Institute with Edith Coombs, her assistant. Miss Campbell promises many new and practical housekeeping ideas for the new year — and many contests to test your skill.



EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C., editor, "Your Home" Department, often has personal calls from readers in regard to advice for a new home or decorative problems. Month by month he answers many requests for individual help, in home needs.



JEAN ALEXANDER, beauty editor, completes her plans for the next beauty lesson with Francis Crack, Art Director. It's more important than ever that Canadian women look and feel their best, and there are many plans afoot to help you.

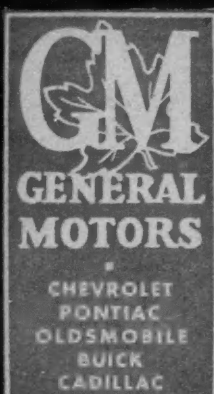


CAROLYN DAMON (left), fashion editor, with Almeda Glassey, assistant editor, selects a photograph for a new fashion article. Under present conditions the careful selection of your clothes is of paramount importance.



DR. ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON (top), editor of "Child Health Clinic," a specialist in nutrition, is seen at work in her laboratory. In her articles in CHATELAINE and in her many personal letters to readers she will devote particular attention to child-feeding and training problems in 1942.

*For a
BETTER
year..
and a
BRIGHTER
DAY*



GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

O CANADA!

O CANADA! OUR HOME AND NATIVE LAND,
TRUE PATRIOT LOVE IN ALL THY SONS COMMAND
WITH GLOWING HEARTS WE SEE THEE RISE
THE TRUE NORTH STRONG AND FREE
AND WE STAND ON GUARD, O CANADA,
WE STAND ON GUARD FOR THEE.

O CANADA! O CANADA!
O CANADA WE STAND ON GUARD FOR THEE,
O CANADA! WE STAND ON GUARD FOR THEE.

—R. Stanley Weir

*W*ith all loyal Canadians, the men and women of General Motors stand on guard at this crucial hour, facing a year which may bring to the British people the severest test of arms in the Empire's history. This fateful year must be borne, and borne valiantly, overseas and in our native land, before we shall see rising out of the ashes of havoc the winged promise of a new day, a new world, a new hope for all mankind.

Personality of the Month...

stomach line, or bulging hips. She saw to it that no article of clothing left her workshop without her stamp of approval.

It was in this shop last winter, in the midst of more work than she thought possible to finish, that the idea for the mannequin masks originated. At the end of an even longer and busier day than usual, Gertrude Cornell threw herself on the bed to get some much-needed rest. But no sooner had her head hit the pillow than a nightmarish dream invaded her sleep. She was giving her own fashion show. The salon was crowded with people waiting to see her designs. She was thrilled and elated. She kept telling everyone that everything about the show was her own idea. And then the models walked out.

The dream turned into a nightmare for the tired dress designer, for every model was poured into a sheath of the most bilious shade of green, and each wore a mask tortuously distorted, with masses of hair in the same horrid shade. Gertrude Cornell woke with a start. Now some people would have put the whole thing down to overwork or indigestion. But Gertrude saw in it the break she was waiting for.

By summer she had samples, which were elegant evolutions of their nightmare mother, ready for a trip to New York. Their dramatic value and usefulness in pointing up the line and color of any garment displayed on them, was instantly recognized by Tom Lee, of Bonwit Teller, one of the leading display men in New York, who used them in the big combined-fashion show of all the leading New York shops. They won the enthusiasm of Elizabeth Arden, as lovely and dramatic mediums for the display of her cosmetics across the States and Canada, and they are to have their silver screen debut with Fox Movie Tone News.

The young (she is just thirtyish) designer now spends the greater part of

her time in New York, where she fills orders for the much-in-demand mannequin mask slip covers. She no longer works far into the night perfecting her customers' clothes and wondering when her break is to come.

Every three weeks, though, she is back in Toronto to see her husband and small son. Although her profession is essentially an inside job, she loves the out-of-doors, and her favorite pastime while in Canada is riding "pillion" on her husband's motor bike through the north country. Even on this bouncy perch, however, her thoughts turn to design, and as a result she has evolved a novel one-piece garment for the lady pillion rider to wear to keep out the cold and still look smart.

At school her favorite subjects were physics, chemistry, algebra and geometry. All subjects which, to her, led back again to clothes and design. Further training for the mathematical precision needed in the drafting of patterns, and chemical knowledge of dyes and their right proportions to obtain desired colors for her designs.

Her study of sculpture has given her a three-dimensional vision of clothing. To most people clothing is two-dimensional, or at most a circular panorama, but to Gertrude Cornell, style and design are a problem of masses in their proper relation to each other.

The first point in her advice on dressing is the advice of a creative artist. The finished product must have unity, the single effect. It is the elementary principle of all the arts.

For herself, Gertrude Cornell chooses dark, beautifully tailored suits with crisp white blouses, for street wear, but at almost any other time you will find her attired in a pair of perfectly fitted trousers, a sweater or blouse, and the inevitable flat-heeled boy's shoes. She loves nice hats, but hates wearing a hat at any time. ■



Canadian fashion show recently. The gentlemen standing at either side of the (Photograph courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Limited.)

"Imagine! My husband's ex-sweetheart asking me for advice!"

A young wife discusses modern baby care



1. Janie used to be my husband's schoolgirl sweetheart. But we've become very friendly now that she's married, and we see her and her husband quite often. She hasn't given out the news yet, but lately, she's been asking a lot of questions about baby care...



2. Last Saturday afternoon, Janie dropped in when I'd just bought a specially designed "baby-walker." I saw her brow wrinkle. She asked me if that wasn't *pampering* the child. It seemed to her that *everything* our baby had was special—even a special laxative!



3. "Come, come, Janie," I said reprovingly. "Would it be 'pampering' to feed a baby special foods?" Janie shook her head. "Exactly!" I said. "and—like foods—most other baby needs ought to be special, too. Child authorities agree on that!"



4. "Look—you spoke of our baby's laxative. I didn't pick that. It's Castoria, chosen by our doctor, because it is made especially for children. It's mild and safe. Our doctor said an adult laxative might be too strong for a baby's delicate system."



5. "But in Castoria, there isn't a single harsh drug. And it works mostly in the lower bowel, leaving the small stomach up above undisturbed. Castoria doesn't gripe and it isn't likely to form a habit. What's more—children love it. Watch this—"



6. When the little one actually held out her hands and cooed over the good taste of Castoria—Janie smiled. "Well," said she, "that certainly teaches me a lesson. Believe me—I'll remember about special care for babies and special Castoria."



The Large Bottle for Me! Our drugstore has both the Regular Size and the large Family Size. I save money by buying the larger size.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

What to do when you feel a COLD coming on



1 Go to bed at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.



2 Gargle with Listerine, full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



3 At night, take a hot bath, or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."



4 Don't blow your nose too hard. It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

WHEN you start to snifle... when you feel a chill... or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! A cold may be getting you in its grip. What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.

Kills Germs Associated with Colds

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces... so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold.

Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine... up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

LISTERINE for COLDS and SORE THROAT

MADE IN CANADA

Chatelaine's



Out of a nightmare came the sensational idea which skyrocketed this young Canadian designer to success.

Gertrude Cornell by Megan Smith

"A PROPHET hath no honor in his own country." For many years stylists this side of the Atlantic could sadly quote this adage. Since the fall of France, however, Canadian and American stylists are coming into their own. Among them, Gertrude Cornell, Canadian designer and dressmaker, is evidence of the talent that was waiting for opportunity in Canada. Her clever mannequin mask slip covers for living models, which had their debut at a fashion show in Toronto last fall, and are now sweeping the United States, gave Gertrude Cornell her opportunity.

Her interest in clothes began as soon as she became conscious that there were such things, and as she grew older this interest gradually included style and design. By the time she was eighteen she was adept at cutting and carrying out her own designs, and her seams were faultless. But, being a person of boundless energy and enthusiasm for her work, she was still not satisfied.

After her family moved to Toronto, she attended sculpture classes at the Ontario College of Art at night. She believed that a thorough knowledge of the human figure was necessary to a designer and originator of styles.

Sculpting became such a passion with her at this time that she almost forsook her chosen work for it. But friends persuaded her to open a dressmaking shop in Toronto's "Village." Here her two interests were welded together and gradually the shop became known to her clientele as the place to go for fine workmanship and original design. The whole world of fashion at this time took its cue from Paris. It was an almost insurmountable task for Canadian, or American, designers to gain recognition.

Her customers were used to having a costume they suggested for themselves vetoed if she thought the design wrong for them. They were also used to having her suggest a cut or flare for them that took away a too prominent



This is how the mannequin masks were used on living models at a large display, escorted their exotic partners down the fashion runway.

Chatelaine for
JANUARY

Note to the Future

By
MABEL BROWN FARWELL

IT WAS the kind of a tea you don't go to alone — neon-light names, top-drawer society and fresh ideas circulating so rapidly that it kept you breathless.

And Libby Brewster hadn't come to it alone. She'd called up Nanette and they had put on their identical grey suits, with the touch of red for Nanette because she was dark and needed something dashing to brighten her beauty. And Libby had brushed her blond hair back from her ears, attached blue pearl studs to the lobe of each, wound blue pearls around her throat, and there they were in a roomful of upper bracket people.

"It's entrancing," Nanette said to her host. "I feel as if I might bump into Somerset Maugham, or somebody, if I turned around quickly enough..."

"Come with me, *chérie*," he said, taking her arm, and there wasn't anything for Libby to do but stand there and watch them walk away.

"You just came in," someone was saying beside her. "I saw you standing in the doorway with your twin."

"Nanette is my cousin," Libby turned and looked into a tanned face with grey eyes, and strong dark hair going a little grey over the temples.

"Never mind," the man said, and moved her forward with a touch at her elbow. "We'll get you something to eat."

"It's bewildering," Libby said. "I've lived in England with my mother for years and I was sort of counting on Nanette..."

"There isn't anything she could do that I can't do as well. Now let's see," he said, "we'll have to find somewhere to sit, I suppose."

"Why?" Libby wasn't sure she wanted to be tucked away in a corner so soon.

"Why? Because if we stand in this mad shuttle, someone will brush against you and you'll have tea all over your lovely gown."

"It's just my grey suit!"

"Hush," he said. "I don't exactly relish talking to a blonde goddess in something which resembles a boxing ring."

Someone did push into them, and it was only because of her escort's quickness that Libby's suit was saved a baptism. "You say such silly things," she told him.

He took her hand and she followed him willy-nilly to a divan beneath a high arched window. "Someone should have taught you before now," he admonished, "that a compliment is something to be received gracefully..."

"I thought I was going to like you," Libby said, "when you first spoke to me, but now I'm not so sure. You sound a little — well — annoyed."

He smiled then. "Okay! Let's start again. Your name is..."

"Libby. And you... you're the typical man about town?"

"That'll do for the present at any rate. What else is there about me that you have gathered in your wide-eyed innocence?"

"You're used to having your way and..." But Libby was staring at a practically ugly woman standing now in the centre of the room, surrounded by an obviously devoted group of admirers. "Who is that?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Stop idling, and let's get back to us."

"All those furs and pearls. Are you sure you don't know?"



Illustrated by Charles Reed

"Libby, will you marry me?" the man asked. "Of course," she replied, "but you'll have to wait till I finish my tea."



The Song of the Saw

DEEP within Canada's mighty forests, a new symphony of hope and determination is being played. It is the hymn of Democracy... the anthem of Liberty. It is the Song of the Saw... rising in a noble crescendo as it strikes the theme of Freedom's cause to the accompaniment of falling fir and maple and pine and oak and spruce. It is Canada's lumber industry at work.

CRUISERS, loggers, sawyers, teamsters, mill workers—all are straining every muscle, exerting every effort in the interests of free men throughout the world. And their work is being echoed and re-echoed in swiftly rising cantonments, Navy yards and Air Force stations... in the multiplied production of ships, planes, gun stocks—of every commodity essential to the security of the Dominion and the Empire.

THE GRATITUDE of all free peoples goes to these

men of the Canadian lumber industry in the same full measure that it does to the miners, factory workers, engineers, seamen, fishermen and farmers—to every man and woman who is helping *Canada to carry on*.

IN LIKE fashion, from Canada's fields comes much of the grain, the vegetables, the food products of all descriptions that are the life's blood of the defenders of Freedom.

IN THE gleaming modern kitchens of the Heinz Company of Canada, another strong note is being played in the symphony of Democracy. For here today—as for more than 32 years—the products of Canada's good earth are transformed into healthful, nourishing dishes that give a new zest to eating. In Service mess halls, wardrooms and canteens, as on civilian tables, Heinz rich Home-style Soups, savoury Tomato Ketchup,

crisp green pickles, luscious Chili Sauce, Tomato Chutney, and Oven-baked Beans are welcome and familiar sights.

HEINZ 57 Varieties represent the free democratic way of living.

57

**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD.**

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA—No matter in what field he labors to strengthen the bulwarks of democracy—at a desk, behind the plow, at a machine or in any other pursuit—that man of yours has *earned the best!* Serve him really home-tasting foods—packed with energy and flavour—the kind that have given Heinz its 72-year reputation for outstanding quality!

"Hurry, I've got the license," Bill cried. "Where are your bags?" "Don't you think," Libby said, "perhaps you should meet mother first?"

Captain Thompson's voice and her mother's laughter. They were both nice sounds. She shut her eyes and leaned against the door for a moment. "Paul," she whispered, "he makes me miss you more. When he held my arm just now, I wanted to look up and find you there..."

She picked up a tray and glasses and went back into the room.

"We'll live on a yard at the Base," Bill was saying. "I'm afraid Libby," Mrs. Brewster said, entering into the game, "isn't very good material for the Navy."

"It doesn't matter."

"You'd better know the worst," Libby told him. "I'm never on time... I'm not a bit tidy with my room... I haven't any head for figures, and the only thing I can cook are crepe suzettes."

"We can take care of all that."

"Well," Mrs. Brewster said, rising, "I'll leave you to settle your problems alone. Libby can tell me about it in the morning."

"Libby won't be here in the morning," Captain Thompson said.

"Of course not, I forgot. You are so serious!"

"Absolutely," Bill said.

"It's all right, dear," Libby smiled, and patted her mother's shoulder.

When she had left, quiet fell on the room. Libby wondered what further ramifications of this business she could think of to fill the silence. She looked up and discovered Bill staring at her. She started to say something but he spoke first.

"Tell me about it, Libby."

"About what?" she asked, startled.

"The sadness."

She looked at the man sitting across from her, the complete relaxation of him, his long legs stretched out before him, the way his hand lay quietly on the arm of the chair, and his face... it was leaner than Paul's and his eyes weren't brown. Nothing about him was known and loved. He was a complete and utter stranger.

"That," she said lightly. "That is just a garnish to glamour. You know every year has its quality... this year glamour and next year..."

"Don't, Libby."

"It was a pattern I lived in for five years and one day, bam! None of it was left..." That was the way to speak of it.

"It's the first thing I saw when I looked at you. And he died, a soldier?"

"A flier," Libby held hands tightly with herself. Paul hadn't been really dead until this moment. This stranger had said... "and he died"... even her mother had never put it into words. She'd like to go over and bash in this man's teeth, bash until he took those words back.

But he had got up from his chair and was coming toward her. He was sitting beside her and putting his arms around her. Suddenly her head was against his shoulder and she was sobbing. She knew that was no way to bash in anyone's teeth. And it wasn't a familiar shoulder. It smelled of tweed and tobacco, and she didn't want to cry on it.

"I'm being silly," she mumbled.

"Here," he said. And she felt something thrust into her hand. It was big and softer than Paul's handkerchiefs had been.

"And now, Libby," he said, "I'll ask you again. Will you marry me?"

"Why?"

"Why not? I couldn't love you more than I do at this moment."

"That's just the point," Libby said.

Bill laughed. "Your eloquence overwhelms me."

"I don't need to be eloquent. You're practically clairvoyant."

Continued on page 19



The man reached for Libby's free hand and grasped it firmly. "Very well, my child," he said. "We'll go round the room by inches, and I'll tell you all I know and some I'll make up."

"Don't make any up."

"Just to vary the monotony of it," he promised. "The man standing near you with the sinister-looking mustache is a spy who does it all for the sake of the good little woman and six children he has left at home. Talking to him is a woman who models for dishpan hands, and the sleek-looking leopardess with her is the one who buys her husband shirts with nonshrink neckbands. Then there's the night club singer who lives on celery seeds and banana juice to give her voice that velvet huskiness. Are you following me?"

"Perfectly, and you are no help at all. I'm going to find Nanette."

"Don't. I'll be good. I'll show you a tycoon and a novelist and a Hollywood star and a bantam boxer. Do you see the weird-looking picture of Dawn Over the Sierras which hangs on the staircase?"

"Um-hum."

"Well, standing under it is . . ."

"Is nobody!"

"Yes," he insisted, "there is. If you'll look hard enough, there's Libby in a white satin gown, trailing something gauzy behind her. What is it they make wedding veils of?" Then, without any change in his voice, he said, "Libby, will you marry me?"

"OF COURSE," Libby said, "but you'll have to wait until I finish my tea."

"Let's see, we'll take the elevator down to the ground floor and then we'll walk along the avenue until we come to the corner. The wind will be blowing. You may have to hold onto your hat, or better still you may take it off and let the wind blow wild and free. Now which way do we turn to the city hall when we get to the corner?"

tweeds don't mean anything. That man who follows him around like a shadow is his aide."

"No man was following him around."

"The man with the mustache," Nanette explained.

"He's a spy."

"Don't believe anything the major told you."

"I don't."

"Why? What did he say, darling?"

"Just silly things, but he was fun."

"Come on, let's find him."

"I can't," Libby said. "He sent me away."

"He'll expect you back."

"You go looking if you like." Libby glanced around the room. "I'll find someone . . ."

But she didn't. She stood near a group of people and tried to look casual until Nanette came back from an unsuccessful search, and nothing important happened to them the rest of the time. They wandered from group to group and met two fliers who took them to a French restaurant for dinner, and it was late when Libby got home.

"Someone's been calling you," her mother said. "A Captain Thompson. Did you have a nice time, dear?"

"Very nice . . ."

"There," Mrs. Brewster said, "I told you if you'd let yourself go, you could be gay again."

Libby looked at her mother and saw a tall, very sleek-looking person with pity in her eyes. Libby sat on the divan and wondered just how much she'd tell her about the afternoon. If she'd make it seem very gay, perhaps, the pity would vanish. But before she'd decided, the phone rang. She reached out and picked it up from the table beside the divan.

"Yes?"

"Libby?"

"Yes . . ."

"Did you wait long by the elevator?"

"Hours."

before her eyes to the last split fraction of a second. That had been the last day of her youth. She didn't know it then, but she discovered it ultimately.

"IS HE nice?" her mother was saying.

"Who?" Libby asked absently.

"This Captain Thompson."

"I guess so." Then she roused herself because she saw the pity back in her mother's eyes. "As a matter of fact, he is nice, and I think if he asks me to marry him again, I shall accept."

With that the pity vanished, as Libby intended it should. "You always had the ability of making people feel that way about you, dear."

"What way?"

"Wanting to protect you in some permanent fashion."

"Nonsense. It's just your maternal prejudice, mother."

"Be that as it may, it's lovely seeing you interested in meeting new people and taking hold . . ."

"Absolutely," Libby said. "It'll make a new woman of me." She leaned her head back against the divan and smiled. Emptiness no matter where she was or what she took hold of. She thought of the night they had sat in their small apartment in London, and her mother had talked so sensibly to Paul and her. She'd made him see how reasonable it was for them to wait to be married until the war was over. Libby was so young, and the war wasn't going to last.

"Who was at the tea?"

"A spy, and nonshrink neckbands and dishpan hands, some fliers and a bantam boxer," Libby said, and smiled at the confusion in her mother's face. "I wish I could tell you more, but that's all I ever found out."

"It sounds utterly mad."

"He was. His name is Bill Thompson."

Suppose you heard it like this . . . "She met him yesterday . . . and they're married today!" . . . You'd say it was crazy. But read her story and you'll understand how it happened

"We take a taxi," Libby said.

"Very well . . . a taxi, and our boat leaves at noon tomorrow . . ."

"For the land where palm trees grow."

"You're wonderful, Libby. That's exactly right. How did you happen to come to this party?"

"To meet you."

"Of course, but are you someone important, too?"

Libby shook her head. "It's my uncle, Nanette's father, with his yards and yards of newspaper, who smuggled us in."

"Will he mind your running away with me — ?"

"Pardon me, sir," someone was saying, "may I speak to you?" The man who had been pointed out as a spy was bending over them.

"Go away," Libby's companion said, "and don't call me 'sir.'"

"That reminds me," Libby told him, "some time before we get there you might tell me your name."

"Of course. Now you run along and say good-by to Nanette while I take care of this spy chump, and I'll meet you at the elevator in fifteen minutes." He got up, so there was nothing for Libby to do but stand, too.

"Cheerio," she said. She could see Nanette talking to a man who was tapping her shoulder confidentially with his black-ribbed eyeglass. When she turned away, Nanette was coming toward her.

"Darling," Nanette said, "I saw that you were doing all right. Where's he gone to? I want to meet him."

"Who?"

"Your major."

"I have no major," Libby said. "No uniform at all. Something absolutely balmy in tweeds is what I drew."

"Darling, he's practically almost a general. The

"I'm sorry as the devil. I had to leave, and when I got back, you'd gone."

"Matters of state, I suppose. Nanette told me you were practically a general."

"They don't have generals in the Navy, my dear."

"Well, then, whatever it is . . ."

"Never mind about that. Are you packing your bags?"

"I haven't yet. You see, I don't know what I'll need in a tropical climate."

"Better bring everything. I'll be up in eight minutes, no more, no less."

"By the way, how did you find out where I live? You didn't even know my last name."

"Espionage. And incidentally, this is Bill speaking."

"Yes, Bill."

"Say it again. It sounds very pleasant . . ."

"Why?"

"You must overcome the habit of arguing with me. If there is one thing the Navy demands, it is discipline and obedience."

"But I'm not in the Navy."

"Almost, Libby."

"Well, it's been nice hearing from you. Call me the next time the fleet's in." Quickly before he could say more, she pressed the button which cut the connection. Something about the way he had said her name that last time had brought London and Paul and a morning in Victoria Station very close. She could feel the button on the shoulder of Paul's uniform under her hand again, and his face close to hers.

"Good-by, Libby," he'd said, and she had run along the platform beside the moving train as it pulled slowly away, so that she might keep the vision of him

"Oh . . ." her mother said, and jumped in a startled way as the doorbell rang.

It was the captain. As Libby opened the door, he smiled and said, "Where are your bags?"

"Come in," Libby said, "and meet my mother first."

"I got the time waiver." He tossed his hat onto a chair and followed her down the hall.

"Of course. No one should be without a time waiver."

"My dear little idiot," he said, slipping his arm through hers, "what I'm speaking of has to do with a marriage license."

"My mother," Libby said, "Captain Thompson." She saw them shake hands and heard him say:

"I hope you don't mind our rushing off this way, Mrs. Brewster."

"Are you rushing off?" Libby's mother asked.

"Sit down," Libby said. "This is the butler's night out, but I'll get you something."

"We haven't time," Bill told her. "The boat won't wait . . . remember?"

Mrs. Brewster held her hands to her head. "Tell me the secret, too," she pleaded meekly.

"It's a game," Libby laughed.

"It's no game," Bill insisted. "I was standing in utter dejection this afternoon, telling myself that there was no one in the world for me and unless I moved quickly I'd be going back to Singapore alone . . . when suddenly, something in grey and blue pearls strode into view . . ."

"I never stride," Libby interrupted.

"Hush! I'm telling your mother. I said, 'Bill, there's your girl.' And the amazing thing is that she realized it, too."

She went into the kitchenette, but she could hear

1942

Who Came to Dinner," Bette Davis starring, is of the sophisticated variety as you probably know. "The Male Animal" features campus doings, and young love with all the trimmings, Jack Carson, Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Leslie romp through this one.

Greta Garbo swims, skis, dances and laughs throughout "Two-Faced Woman," which may have reached your town by the time you read this. Greta has a wonderful time playing the dual role of herself, a ski instructor and lover of nature, and her fictitious twin sister, a wild siren. Melvyn Douglas is the man she marries and bewilders.

Deanna Durbin is scheduled for another comedy too, "They Lived Alone." Not much data on this as yet.

"Mrs. Miniver" should be interesting to us Britishers. The film's a little different from the book of its name, however. More plot had to be injected, but in the main it will preserve the atmosphere. The cast includes Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Dame May Whitty, Henry Wilcoxon and Connie Leon.

"The Lady is Willing," a romantic comedy which throws the spotlight on the private life of a glamorous Broadway star, portrayed by Marlene Dietrich, and "My Sister Eileen," one of the hits of Broadway (players not yet cast), are both in preparation.

"Skylark" is a fast-moving comedy on domestic affairs—the story of a woman



Orson Welles on news of the forthcoming pictures.

(Claudette Colbert) who, after five years, concludes that "the other woman" is too much for her. Ray Milland is her husband.

"Hellzapoppin'" with Olsen and Johnson, Martha Raye and Mischa Auer, will try to reflect its stage success, and "Ride 'Em Cowboy" is to be another Abbott and Costello riot.

Naturally, with the current interest in South America, Hollywood is catering largely to these countries, giving them plenty of musicals interlarded with rhumbas and tangos. One of the best of these is "The Things They Do In Rio." A romantic musical set against a South American background. Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne hold the spotlight.

Snow and ice on the windshield make winter driving dangerous. A defroster fan keeps fog and frost from forming, and will melt snow and sleet that gathers on the outside.



Winter Driving HAZARDS

By LILLIAN MILLAR

DO YOU KNOW that your chances of accident are much greater when you drive during the three or four months of winter? Have you learned how to cope with the driving hazards you are up against?

The accident rate always shoots up at this time of year. In February, the peak month in 1940 for instance, it was almost double the low point reached in May. What is the reason for this alarming increase? Slippery roads, bad weather and longer hours of darkness undoubtedly all increase driving hazards, but these alone do not provide the answer. That the average driver does not adjust his driving to compensate for these adverse conditions is largely responsible for the increase. In proof of this, records show that the worst weather and road conditions do not account for the most accidents. When conditions become very bad, every driver recognizes the danger and adjusts his speed accordingly. For instance, when pavements are glassy or a fog turns to a real "pea-souper," you see cars crawling along at a snail's pace. Under ordinary winter conditions, however, the average motorist continues to drive at summer speeds, forgetting all about the patch of ice which may lie around the corner, the slippery car track or the icy rut.

Wet and slippery roads are treacherous and call for expert driving. Have you ever stopped to consider that the friction between the road and four small areas of tire surface about the size of the palm of your hand is all that enables your car to be started, stopped or turned? Worn tires, wet or icy roads greatly reduce this friction. The less friction the less rapidly you can change the motion of your car and the farther you will go before you can stop. The longer it takes you to stop, the more liable you are to have an accident because you cannot stop in time to avert it. When pavements are icy, normal stopping distances may be doubled or trebled. Ponder on these fundamental facts and you will see that the only way you can keep your danger zone from lengthening is to reduce speed. Traffic experts have found that certain road conditions call for the following reductions in speed. Say, for example, that 45 miles an hour is a safe speed on a very dry, modern, banked highway. When driving on an average roadway this speed should be reduced to 40 miles an hour; on a wet or muddy road it should be cut to 30 miles an hour and on an icy road to 15 miles an hour. This means that when you drive at 15 miles an hour on an icy road, your danger zone is just as long as it is when you drive at 45 miles an hour on a very dry highway. By reducing your speed you have merely kept your danger zone from lengthening.

When driving on icy roads, other precautions should be taken. Stopping calls for special care. Don't stop suddenly or you may find yourself in a disastrous skid. Re-

member that it takes a much greater distance to stop and begin far ahead. It is best first to exert a slight pressure on the brake and then release it almost immediately. Repeat this operation—braking and releasing—and you will find that gradually you are reducing your speed and can stop without a skid. Do not disengage the clutch until the vehicle has almost stopped. Be careful not to stall the engine.

Take curves slowly and do your braking early and gently.

IT IS OFTEN as difficult to start a car on a slippery road as to stop it, because in starting, the wheels spin and there is a tendency to side slip. It is easier to start in one of the higher gears, but the clutch must be engaged very slowly.

If your car starts to skid, don't get excited and don't jam on the brake. Don't throw out your clutch. Don't lift your foot from the accelerator pedal suddenly. Turn the steering wheel in the same direction as the rear of the car is skidding.

Avoid driving with tires running on street car tracks. If you try to cross from a position too parallel to tracks, you are liable to skid. Reduce speed and turn wheels across the tracks at a wide angle.

Longer hours of darkness also greatly add to the dangers of winter driving, because at night you cannot see pedestrians and other objects on the road nearly as quickly as in daylight. Last year during fall and winter months 53% of all accidents occurred when it was dusk or dark. This compares with only 39% in spring and summer. When darkness falls, your vision is restricted to the narrow strip of highway in the path of light ahead of your car. You can see nothing at the sides and what you can see in the near foreground is greatly reduced and blurred. At best clear vision does not go beyond a few hundred feet. The only safe rule is to drive so that you can always stop within the distance you can see clearly ahead. For example, if you can see only 100 feet ahead, you cannot drive safely at a greater speed than thirty-five miles an hour. If roads are slippery, you will take much longer to stop and this speed should be cut accordingly.

Glare further reduces vision and adds to night driving hazards. You realize the reason when you consider how your eyes function. The pupils of your eyes automatically contract in bright light and dilate in dim light.

This adjustment to different light conditions is not instantaneous. It takes time, and during this split second you cannot see clearly. You gamble with your life when you drive at summer speeds under winter conditions. The odds are against you and the stakes are high. If you win, what have you gained? One minute or maybe two. If you lose you may pay with your life or with a lifetime of remorse. There is only one way to even the odds—slow down. ■



A.R.P.

Training

As told to Adele White by Vera Knight

"If you never have air raids in this country, you can thank God you didn't need to use your training, but if enemy bombers do come, you will thank God that you were prepared"



Mrs. Knight who is giving A.R.P. lectures in Toronto, shows how to hold a stirrup pump. This needs two people to operate it.

HALIFAX harbor blasted by enemy bombs. "Bombers attack Montreal. Workers' homes razed."

"Residential districts of Toronto in flames after hit-and-run raid."

Sounds out of the question, doesn't it? But sometimes the unexpected happens, and although an air attack over Canada is not an immediate probability, it is certainly a possibility, and I am glad to see Canadian men and women beginning to realize the necessity of preparation for just such a contingency.

Before I left England, to come to Canada, I was an A.R.P. instructor living near London. During Goering's efforts to soften up Britain in preparation for invasion, I had plenty of opportunity to realize the supreme value of trained civilians, as millions of people radically adjusted their daily routine to blitz conditions. As you know, this invasion has not yet been attempted because of the bravery and efficiency of the R.A.F., and also because the men and women in Britain were able to withstand the onslaught of the Luftwaffe.

When I arrived here from the armed fortress of Britain, it seemed a miracle to see, once again, lighted cities, unlimited food, and motor cars with apparently plenty of gasoline in spite of the restrictions. To Canadians, the danger zone appeared very far away, and it struck me forcibly that now, of all times, the people of North America should organize their Civil Defense Corps on a national scale while they can easily attend night lectures, with transportation no problem and blackouts a tactical exercise rather than a stern reality. Now, people have time to learn in more detail the theory of A.R.P. behind the actual practice of it. In Britain, many wardens had to take their lectures when Goering permitted—and there was no one who could say in advance when that would be.

What is A.R.P.? A.R.P. is the knowledge of precautions to take before and during attack by incendiaries, high explosives, war gas bombs, and it is organized services for civilian aid—wardens, first-aid parties, rescue squads, and transportation services.

Why Should the People of Canada Have A.R.P.? All around me I hear arguments against the possibility of enemy attack.

Not so very long ago, we British

believed ourselves safe because of the English Channel. We learned our lesson during the last war. This time there was no panic when enemy bombers came over by the thousands, no defeatism, just grim determination. We were prepared. For years before the outbreak of war we had perfected the skeleton machinery of A.R.P. work, fire-fighting, etc., and we had made all arrangements for the evacuation of our children from centres of dense population. When the emergency arose, every branch of home defense was ready to go into action.

War planes, in the past ten years, have become deadly monsters of efficiency, and no one can prophesy what enormous distances they will be able to travel in the next few years. At this moment there are certain bombers that could take off from German-occupied territory, fly to Canada, unload and fly back to their home base without refuelling. Or smaller planes could take off from airplane carriers in mid-Atlantic. They could fly over this country with thousands of incendiary bombs, set your cities on fire and then follow with another fleet of small bombers carrying high explosives—with the objects they're aiming at well lighted by burning buildings. Over here there are a great many frame houses, and nearly all your homes have wooden roofs. What a spectacular bonfire a few thousand incendiaries could make of them, that is, if a great number of civilians weren't specially trained in that kind of fire fighting!

How can a general knowledge and training in A.R.P. reach the majority of Canadians? By talks over the radio, illustrated articles in newspapers, magazines and booklets, courses of lectures by competent A.R.P. instructors and posters in all public places.

Cities and towns in danger areas should have regular practice blackouts, with air raid wardens on duty to see that rules are obeyed. You may think those rules are pretty simple, but you'll be surprised how often you'll inadvertently break one of them. All across Canada, I'm told, friends and neighbors are meeting each week to discuss, learn and practice A.R.P. work. The movement is spreading, and women are just as enthusiastic as men. They realize that they're protecting their own homes, and it's a proven fact that a woman who would run screaming from a mouse will be as brave as a lion if her family and home are in danger.

If you have an ambition to become an A.R.P. warden be sure that, not only are you a responsible citizen who inspires confidence in others, but also that you are in excellent physical condition. During raids you may be called upon to fill in for fire-fighting squads, first-aid parties, or any of the other A.R.P. functions.

In Canada, A.R.P. training is in its initial stage. Each individual must make up his own mind about its importance. But procrastination and apathy are terrible enemies. Preparedness will not bring bombers any closer; in fact it may even tend to discourage them, as a large body of trained civilians is one of the strongest weapons a country can possess. ■



MOVIES

By
NORA LAING

FEWER WAR pictures in 1942," chorus the movie magnates, "there's enough blood, sweat and tears in the world of reality. Hand 'em chuckles. Give 'em romance. Unleash the dancers. Make 'em forget."

That's why sophisticated comedies, slapsticks, musicals and romantic dramas are to be yours in such abundance.

One of the few war pictures to be released early in the year is "Joan of Paris," with the competent French actress, Michele Morgan, co-starring with the Viennese Paul Henreid. As the British aviator his love-making is—well, look out for those love passages! They're very convincing—odd, because when I saw the filming, the director was having difficulty in overcoming the French girl's shyness, where the script called for the first kiss.

"Sergeant York," starring Gary Cooper, is the story of the great American hero of War No. 1. "Confirm or Deny," also with war No. II background, has a London locale; The story of an American journalist in England. Don Ameche and Joan Bennett share the honors.

Mr. Orson Welles strongly believes that romantic drama will surpass all other types in popularity. When on behalf of *Chatelaine* I interviewed him, this clever actor, director and producer said: "People weary of laughter but everyone loses themselves in a good love story. That's why I'm making 'The Mag-



On behalf of *Chatelaine* Nora Laing consults

nificent Ambersons.' It's taken from one of Booth Tarkington's tales and my stars will be Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt and Anne Baxter. I'll guarantee you'll forget your troubles when you see it."

"How Green Was My Valley" is taken from the novel of that name. The story is laid in a Welsh mining town with Walter Pidgeon and Roddy McDowell starring. Take good note of Roddy, who's going to be a good deal in the limelight from now on. This little English lad was evacuated from London a few months ago, given a small part in pictures, and did so well that he is considered one of the most promising of the juveniles.

As for comedies—you can take your pick. Sophisticated, slapstick, hilarious. "The Man

*Here they are—the people
Sandra loved—the family
whose problems left her no
time for romance*

cheerful and easygoing. He'll get a job all right, as soon as he gets out of high school next June. He's not so very bright in school, I must say. But he's awfully good at lots of other things. And he knows how to get on with people. He's got a wonderful disposition; almost too good. He doesn't mind Jack's being so fiendishly clever, being in the same class with him, when Eddy's two years older.

Jack's simply got to go to college and to law school. It'll be centuries before he's earning anything. But he's really a sort of genius. He's got to have his chance. I had my chance—and what have I done with it? I went through Junior College in a daze. I never really knew what I was doing—and maybe I don't now. Why, I ask you, did I have to fall in love before I had a chance to turn round? And with Martin, of all boys? He's so—purposeful and so energetic, and so ambitious.

Now! What's *that*? That sounds like a rat . . . But I read somewhere that you never have rats where you have mice . . . But maybe the rats have just come, and they'll drive away the mice . . . I'm going to put my mind on this gingerbread. I'm a good cook anyhow. Rather marvellous. I hope nobody'll be late to dinner. Martin said he'd come at half-past eight, and I want one minute to pull myself together.

Oh, I guess I am happy! I love the way Martin listens to what you say, with his head on one side, and that serious look . . . Like a wise pussycat. That would make Eddy laugh. Eddy and I always laugh at the same things. I guess I am happy. I've got mother and Eddy and Jack and my friends, and I'm young and I'm bubbling with health. I guess I like being in love with Martin.

She put the potatoes on to boil, she put the pork chops in the oven to bake, she began to core the apples for fried apple rings. She felt brisk, and capable and gay. Well, she thought, I could put that blue linen collar with the bow right on this dress. Then I'd look like a pussycat, too. I'm going to be lively this time. One of the worst things about being in love is that it makes you so stupid. I'm really awful, with Martin. So dumb. But tonight I feel like being—funny. I like to be funny.

The doorbell rang, and she started violently. What's that? Eddy and Jack always came around to the back door, and her mother had a special ring. It's a telegram! she thought. Something's happened to mother.

THAT WAS the dreadful, secret fear that had never quite left her since her father had died. That was twelve years ago, when she had been only eight, but she had not forgotten. She remembered, not her own child's stormy grief, but her mother's shining courage. It had been a bitter cold night, and they had walked up and down the path in front of that other house, hand in

hand, she and her mother. It came back to her, again and again, her own rebellion, and fear and sorrow, and her mother's steady voice, the steady clasp of her mother's hand.

The bell rang again, one mild ring, and she went along the hall and opened the door.

"Why, Grandpa!" she cried.

"I hope I haven't come at an inauspicious moment?" he said. "No special festivities?"

"No. Come in, darling."

He came in, looking so very tall and narrow in his black overcoat, so calm and gentle, with his big white mustache and his clear blue eyes.

"It's been ages, Grandpa."

"Scarcely that, my dear," he said, smiling at her. "But I've brought a little surprise . . ."

"Oh, Grandpa!" she said pretending to be excited about it. "Just a moment, darling. I've got to look at the dinner."

They were all well used to his surprises. He had a dangerous weakness for auctions, at which he bought dreadful little curios, brass candlesticks, vases, old shot buckets and pewter. But, living in a world of his own, how could he know what people really wanted? They all adored him, and he loved them in his own aloof and gentle fashion.

She came back to find him still in his damp overcoat, opening a neat little package. It was a book.

"Oh, Grandpa. It's your book!"

"It is, my dear," he said. "An advance copy."

She took it from him. "Woman's Whole Existence," was the title, and inside were the familiar lines from Byron:

*"Love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."*

And it was, as Sandra well knew, a collection of essays about the great lovers of English drama, illustrated with photographs of famous actresses as Juliet, Ophelia, and more obscure heroines. "A brilliant and scholarly pageant by the celebrated dramatic critic, John McAllen."

"I'm so proud of you, Grandpa. Take off your overcoat, dear. Now just sit down. I'll be back in a moment."

It was nice to see him sitting there looking over his precious book, the lamplight shining on his handsome old head; the house was no longer lonely. But, imagine him writing a book about love, she thought. Poor darling!

The gingerbread gave out a fine spicy smell; Eddy noticed it as soon as he opened the door. "Yum-yum!" he said.

"Grandpa's here, Eddy," she said. "With his new book."

"All right!" said Eddy. "Have you got a snack of something, Sandra?"

"EDDY, WHAT'S the matter?" she asked, looking at him as he sat on the edge of the kitchen table, tall, broad-shouldered, with his thick untidy dark hair and his heavy dark brows, and his big good-humored mouth. He was nineteen, but he looked older; he was such a responsible boy.

"The matter? Nothing," he said.

"Give!" she said.

"Okay," he said. "You'd have to know in the course of time. I've slunked out in the mid-years."

"Which one, Eddy?"

"One?" he said. "You're too hopeful. Three. Latin, and English and history."

She got a piece of pie out of the icebox and gave it to him. "Well, that's not fatal," she said.

But her heart was like lead. Now he couldn't graduate in June, couldn't get settled in a job that would really help them all. She knew what it meant to him. He really tried, but he just wasn't a student, when he sat down with his books after dinner, he couldn't keep awake. He hated it all so, hated to be still in school at nineteen, hated to fail, hated above all, to disappoint them.

She glanced at him, saw him staring down at the table where one big hand was spread out. "Oh, Eddy, never mind!" she cried, rushing at him and hugging him.

"Here! Take it easy," he said. "The only thing that bothers me is how to break the news to mother. Because I'm quitting."

"You can't!"

"I'm going to get a job," he said. "I don't care what it is to start. I can deliver groceries, anything; just to get a start."

"Eddy, you can't. It's a terrible handicap, not to be even a high school graduate."

"More of a handicap to get out of school with long white whiskers," he said. "Nope. I'm not going back, Sandra. You've got to help me out with mother."

"Eddy, I—" she began, when the door opened again, and Jack came in.

"Hello!" he said, with his quick vivid smile, and would have gone past them if Sandra had not caught his sleeve.

"I've got a glass of milk for you, Jack," she said.

"Give it to the cat," he said. "Let me go, Sandra. I've got a lot of work to do."

"You've got time to drink a glass of milk, you oaf," she said.

"I don't want it," he said.

He was the handsome one of the family, dark, tall, with a fine narrow face. He's like mother, Sandra thought, with a stab of the old fear. They're both so quick—so sort of eager. They wear themselves out. Eddy and I are so much slower about things; we laugh at things that they take so hard. Mother shouldn't let Jack study so much, and sit up so late.

"It wouldn't hurt you to be a little bit obliging, and drink that milk, just to please me," she said crossly.

"All right, then, put something in it," he said. "Coffee or something."

"There isn't any coffee made," she said. "Just drink it."

He sat down beside Eddy, and she could see that he knew. I wonder if they ever really talk to each other, she thought. They're terribly fond of each other, but they're so—dumb. I wonder if boys ever talk, the way girls do, about things that matter to them?

"Grandpa's here, Jack," she said. "With his new book."

Continued on page 29



THIS WAS the hour Sandra hated, these short winter days, the time from dusk until somebody came home. She had been in her room trying to make a blouse for herself, but it was all wrong; she held it up, looking at the queerness of the sleeves, and tears came into her eyes.

You're a fool! she cried to it, and threw it down on the bed. I did want something new to wear tonight. I did want to look—like a different person.

She stood before the mirror, staring through her tears at that image. Forlorn, she thought. Pathetic. A slight little thing in a black jersey dress, with long light-brown hair and big grey eyes. "Inspid!" she cried aloud. Martin never said he cared for me. And after all, asking me to the movies isn't exactly a declaration of love, is it? Maybe it just isn't anything. Just something I've made up.

Only, the way he looked at me. The little things he's said . . . Maybe he started to be in love with me, and then stopped . . . If he has stopped, and if he never comes any more, I don't know what I'll do. I didn't know it could ever be like this. I thought being in love would be wonderful—and cheerful. But it makes me miserable.

All right. Do your crying later on, my good girl. She snapped off the bedroom light and went out into the hall. The house was all in darkness, all silent; she turned on the hall light and stood at the head of the stairs. I hope there isn't a mouse in the trap, she thought, or a mouse running around. There's no use in trying to be reasonable about mice. If you feel like this about them, you just do, that's all.

A gust of wind sent the rain rattling against the window on the landing. I hope mother'll have sense enough to take a taxi, she thought. If mother gets another bad cold . . . She looks so tired . . . Oh, if only I could get a decent job—thirty dollars a week—so that I could buy some clothes, and get a maid—a good maid, who'd do everything I do. But nobody'd offer me more than eighteen.

Martin would think more of me if I had a job. I'd have something to talk about then. I'm probably one of the most boring girls he's ever met. I could get a job, but nobody'd pay me enough, so that we would have a good maid. You hear plenty about people who can't find jobs, but what about somebody like me who can't afford to take a job?

She went down the stairs and turned on the light in the lower hall. Outside the kitchen she stopped and reached in to turn on the switch; she stamped her foot to warn away any mice. It was cold in the kitchen, an icy draft came under the back door; the white rubber apron with ruffles felt cold when she put it on. She lit the oven and got the butter out of the icebox. Suppose there's a mouse in that bag with the potatoes? she thought. Oh, don't be so silly! Haven't you got anything worse to worry about than mice?

You bet I have. I'm so worried about mother. She's tired. She works so much too hard. I'm worried about Jack, too. And I'm worried about Martin and me . . . "All right! Come out, come out, wherever you are!" she chanted, and kicked over the bag of potatoes so that they rolled out on the floor.

I wish Eddy'd come home, she thought. He's so



Woman's Whole Existence

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Illustrated by Jack Keay

"I Can Look Better On Less"

That, says Carolyn Damon, is what smart women have learned in 1941. What's the secret?

1. You Can Buy More for Less. By cutting non-essentials (every accessory or ornament should be so vital to your outfit that its absence cries out like a missing front tooth). By concentrating on one or two good outfits. By watching sales. By making your own clothes. By being letter-perfect on your own needs, sizes, good and bad points and budget limitations.

2. I Didn't Intend to Spend That Much. Ever hear you-know-who say those fatal words? It's a good idea to give yourself a slight margin for error when you go shopping, in case the dress you've dreamed about is just around the corner, at two ninety-five more than you allowed. Decide, before you start, what you can cut somewhere else to give you the slack. But don't play Charlie McCarthy to any wheedling clerk's Bergen. Let your conscience, backed up by a gentle but firm "no," be your guide.

3. Dressing in Ragtime. You've heard about the woman who could make any little rag look like a smart number? Well, meet her stepsister, the one who can make any good-looking dress look like a rag in five minutes. It's incredible the number of ways there are of mugging a good dress. One surefire one is to mug it up with too much junk jewellery. Another is the spot-and-spatter treatment over the kitchen stove. Or there's the well-slept-on-pillow look, as somebody has described it, when your foundation garment is all to the bad.

Then there's the woman who starts out being casual and drifts, like snow to slush, into just being sloppy. A good dress won't play ball with you unless you're prepared to give it the best you've got. And that leads right into...

4. Shine Through Your Clothes. Figuratively, of course. In these days of fewer styles and patterns, more and more classics and skirt-and-jacket setups, you'll find not two or three, but dozens of dresses alike. Don't sulk when you see yourself coming to the party. Just stand out more than the other gals do. It's lazy man's folly to count on "this little number doing so



Clothes, like cats, have more than one life. "If it's worth making, it's worth making over," grandmother used to say. So never throw anything away.

much for you, dearie," anyway. The personality-plus look is a double-barrelled proposition. You supply the personality, the dress is the plus. Your hair, your complexion, your nails, your figure and, finally, your own dear self, carry most of the burden. In other words, you can't buy your oomph from a clothes rack.

5. How Much to Spend on What? I wish you could lay your money out in little piles at the first of the year. So much for this, so much for that. But buying is a long-term business, so you have to do it in your mind, or, better still, on paper. An expensive little necklace is swell, or an evening wrap that knocks 'em cold is colossal—but not if your street coat and business suit have to pay the piper.



Flawless diamonds and perfect husbands are easy to find compared with the perfect feminine figure that fits all measurements.

SKETCHES BY ELEANOR P. MAWSON.

Here's how a hundred Canadian business girls, all earning fifteen dollars a week, worked it out, according to a recent survey. About a quarter of their salary goes for clothes and beauty. (The more you have, the less it should be, proportionately. A fifth is enough out of twenty-five dollars a week, or when you've reached the man-safe-at-anchor stage.) Over the year, they spent about an eighth on coats and wraps (biggest expenditure for clothes), a twentieth on dresses, half that on girdles, brassieres, half that again on hats. Biggest item of all was cosmetics, permanents, hair-dos, which accounted for a quarter of all clothes-and-looks money. In other words, grooming was their first concern. Many made their own clothes, knitted or crocheted hats, collars and cuffs, sweaters. Shoes and stockings cost almost as much as dresses—showing the importance of the complete outfit. Most girls had two daytime ensembles, one evening.

A big personnel executive told me once that many girls hurt their chances of getting jobs by wearing chic dresses but covering them with cheap, ugly coats that were all you could see during the interview.

6. Ready Made Clothes Usually Need Adjusting. Flawless diamonds and perfect husbands are easy to find compared with the perfect feminine figure that fits all standard measurements. It just ain't. So it's expecting the impossible to hope to slip into ready-mades and wear them out as is, form fitting. If you're not such a wiz with the needle and the measuring tape, better get the "adjustments" made in the store, where



Heard about the woman who could make any little rag look like a smart number? Well, meet her step-sister—who can make anything look like a rag in five minutes.

they're up on such things. Even expensive dresses lose caste with high-hitching belt lines, shoulders that swing and sway, or tag-tail hems.

7. Homemades Need Finishing. That homemade look is more to be desired in cakes than in coats, in jam than in jackets. What causes it? Touch-down sewing, for one thing. That rush to the goal line without stopping for anything. It usually leaves tag ends. Not adjusting patterns to your own figure properly is another. And of course there's the other extreme, where you spend work and time on a sleazy piece of material that will never look like anything anyway, and takes the count on its first washday.

Another thing (mothers heave to and get this) is that too often the home sewer doesn't spend care and



These days, under war restrictions in style and design, you're more than likely to meet yourself coming into the party. But don't sulk. Learn how to outshine your dress.

pennies enough for the fixings. Daughter wants a belt like one she sees in the magazine, buttons that really have stuff, a perky blouse ornament that turns the trick.

Hemlines and collars are worth spending time on. Finally, a good pressing is the last "must." If you're no shakes with the iron, send it out the first time, for that just-so hang.

8. Take Care of Your Clothes. Sure it's an old line. But one ounce of pressing and whisking before you go out is worth ten pounds of trying to walk or sit so things won't show, or furtive shaking and brushing publicly. Neatly mended gloves have it all over that old game of trying to conceal the centsty-teenty bit of fingertip that will poke its head out. It's more fun throwing your coat carelessly over the back of your chair than trying to fold it so the ripped lining won't show.

9. Know Your Fabrics. Like conservation, this may have been a good idea before, but today it's vital. More and more substitutes and synthetics are being used. More and more things are scarcer or off the market. That's straight from Ottawa. Dyes are not so good as they were, materials are not so dependable; that's straight from one of the most important merchandise buyers in the country. So look at the label; ask the clerk; write the manufacturer; keep up with the news of government policy.

10. Never Throw Anything Away. Clothes—like cats—have more than one life. "If it's worth making, it's worth making over," grandmother used to say. Grandmother's right in the groove today. Old coats into small coats and snow suits; father's suits into suits for you and daughter; old gloves into inner linings in winter jackets; old sweaters, unravelled into new ones. Dresses rejuvenated with jackets, bodices, belts, pockets, tunics and peplums. And if your family can't use it, somebody else's can.

11. Make a Plan and Stick To It. Buy as much of an outfit at a time as you can. Matching is a problem these days at best. Keep to one color scheme. Strike right out of your language the words, "I didn't intend to buy it, but I couldn't resist." In other words, take the whim out of shopping. ■



—Photograph of Miss Bentley, courtesy Macmillan's.

CONVOY

By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

*You, as a woman, have no chance of sailing in a convoy.
But you can learn what it's like from this famed author.*

A GAINST a brilliant pink sunset the little ships plod on steadily, keeping careful station in neat rows. With the rosy west behind them, they look black, and their silhouettes take on a clarity, a romantic dignity which their purpose deserves, for they are cargo ships in convoy, fighting the battle of the Atlantic, feeding Britain. There are long low tankers carrying the precious oil, there are squat ships carrying food; there are larger, superior ships, like our own, which we suspect carries iron and know carries planes, for three of them, bereft of their wings, are wired down on top of our hatches. Our ship usually plies between New York and the Far East, and has not been "home" for more than two years; our crew are mostly Malay, our stewards Chinese. Our captain and officers are British, hailing from Tyneside, Belfast, Cardiff, Liverpool. One of them passes by now, enquiring jocularly: "Don't you people ever go to bed?"

We look at our watches and find that it is midnight, though the sky still wears its sunset glow; for in order to facilitate the keeping of rendezvous, the convoy's watches are set to British double summer time, though we are still far out in the western Atlantic, and accordingly we are several hours ahead of the true time for our position. We yawn, and reluctantly seek our quarters. The cabin, cosy for one and adequate for two, now holds three, and we are lucky, being women, to get it at all; for the Admiralty frowns on women crossing the Atlantic nowadays. The portholes and doors are tightly closed for the blackout; above our heads the watch seems to be changing, in very heavy boots, all night long; we are glad when it is morning at last and the Chinese steward brings our early tea.

I HURRY out on deck. The little ships, grey now and stolid in the morning light, are still plodding on steadily, keeping careful station in neat rows. The mate tells us that at four a.m., when he goes on duty and the dawn comes, the rows of little ships are not so neat, but they scurry back into position before the Admiral can see and rebuke them.

The captain, his eyes red-rimmed and blinking, for he is doing the navigation for the convoy and snatches an hour of sleep only when he is lucky, comes into breakfast with a smile. "Girls," he says jovially, "the old *Tong Ho* has caught us up again." We are delighted; for the *Tong Ho*—which is not, of course, its real name—is the lame duck of the convoy. Cargo ships have no rest nowadays, and their engines no lengthy overhaul; consequently they are apt to have minor trouble in the engine room. Can they put it right quickly enough to catch up and keep up, or must they drop behind and take another course? The Atlantic is rather uncomfortable for unescorted cargo ships just now, and accordingly the *Tong Ho* has made superhuman efforts to keep up. One imagines the profanity exchanged between captain and chief engineer.

Now our Admiral comes down from the bridge to snatch a bite. We are the commodore ship, the flagship, of the convoy; we proudly carry a real Admiral and a staff of signalmen. From our mast fly the flags; we do the hooting and the heliograph blinking and the talking; we give the orders, plot the course. As usual

the Admiral's meal is interrupted. A loud voice is heard overhead. "What's he talking about now?" mutters the Admiral, gulping his tea; and immediately the yeoman of signals comes in to report that the sloop is near at hand. We wait decorously till the Admiral has left the table, then rush on deck, for a visit from our sloop is a great event. We are devoted to our sloop, which has guarded and guided us ever since we left the Canadian port. The first time it dashed round beside us, keeping pace with us only a few yards, as it seemed, away, our sloop discovered with a thrill that we had women passengers aboard. A score of binoculars were eagerly raised, an astonishing number of the sloop's personnel found it suddenly necessary to be on deck. After official business was over, the sloop's commander asked on the loud-speaker: "Are you enjoying your voyage?" and added, jokingly: "Judging by your company, I think you should." The Admiral receiving this with reserve, the sloop cried: "Well, happy landings!" and leaped away over the sparkling sea.

THIS MORNING our sloop's conversation is completely cryptic, consisting entirely of code, but later we guess what it was it had to tell, for the lookout sounds the bell which means ships in sight. Mere landlubbers cannot yet perceive them, but presently two tiny grey dots are discernible far away on the horizon, and presently some more—they are additional escorts for us, coming to the rendezvous. We are always meeting additional escorts; each time they appear we know we are one stage nearer the danger zone.

Now we are in that zone at last. Our sloop has abdicated and retired to the convoy's flank; grim swift destroyers surround us and instruct. Suddenly one afternoon a destroyer leaps across our bows, and is presently seen to drop something astern. "Are those depth charges?" we enquire, and are at once answered—by a nasty grinding bump below, as if a mighty hand had shaken our engines. We are a mile or more away, yet the whole ship quivers. Was it a submarine, we wonder; the destroyer is blinking at us rapidly. One of our passengers, a seaman in his youth, can read Morse code; he laughs and translates; the message runs: "Think it was only fish." We sigh quietly, then smile, pleased with the Navy's sense of humor.

Next morning as we lie waiting for our tea, the air is suddenly shaken by a series of varied bangs. We spring up—we are dressed of course, in the danger zone nobody ever takes off clothes—seize our lifebelts, sling our little bag of necessities over our shoulders. (It is a rule nowadays that if the ship is sunk and you have to "go over the side," nothing must be taken which has to be carried in the hand. Any ship which

pauses to save you is risking its crew's life; it cannot wait while cases are passed from hand to hand, or while people with impeded grasp slowly climb the rope ladder.) The first mate now knocks briskly on our door; we had better be ready, he says, the warning is up, an air raid is imminent; that was a scout plane, more will follow; the captain thinks the passage by our cabin is the most sheltered place. We smile and nod obedience, button our coats, finger our money belts, shove a last extra scarf in our pockets.

The air raid does not materialize, and though the warning is flown all day, we soon disregard it, and walk and sit as usual on the deck. Our own aircraft appear, swift black pencils in the sky; powerful and comforting they circle round us.

That night there is a gale. The waves, dark green, pointed, white-capped, raging, throw the little ships about; the convoy's speed is slowed, the low-decked tankers ship seas so continually that the water pours from them like a white satin ribbon. We eye the respective size of waves and lifeboats speculatively. The third mate, who has been torpedoed before, remarks cheerfully that if he has to "go over the side" tonight, he shall make for one of the rafts which are suspended forward; we receive this confirmation of our doubts about boats and waves with a rather sickly smile. We are not attacked that night, however; it is just as well.

AND NOW at last we are nearing home. Some of our destroyers bid us good-by and leap away toward the land, blue and hilly, which has arisen on the starboard bow. We passengers have hesitated to signal to our escort hitherto, lest we should inadvertently transgress naval etiquette, but now we wave wholeheartedly and receive replies. Our convoy divides, right and left; the little ships glide away, become mere masts and funnels, vanish over the horizon. The dear old *Tong Ho* limps successfully into the nearest port. Now we stretch out into a long line, our ship proudly leading; we fly a bright new Red Ensign; presently we pass lightships and buoys and barrage balloons; the pilot comes aboard. It is Saturday afternoon and the pilot is very smart in a blue pin-stripe suit and a felt hat; I am disappointed about the hat, and am pleased to observe that he dons a peaked cap before going on the bridge. We proceed toward our port, down the narrow mine-

free channel; we pass outward-ships whose crews observe us curiously. We preen ourselves; we have crossed the Atlantic.

We feel a sudden inclination to weep and hug one another, but being British do nothing of the sort, exchanging instead a calm proud smile. We have arrived; our convoy has won its battle of the Atlantic; the British Navy, we think; the R.A.F.; the Merchant Service. We have arrived.





"Why, you—you—" Cabby's mouth was open, but the right words wouldn't come. Then, somehow, Kuan Yin was in her hand, aimed directly at Jon's head.

kept stumbling up the wide curving stairway because she couldn't see for crying.

Two generations of Chadwicks had gone up and down those stairs. They were very fine people. Jonathan 1st and his wife, Eliza, had pioneered in the early days. "I wish I'd been a pioneer, no foul committee meetings, nary a ladies' luncheon!"

Here in the bedroom were Eliza's things. Her stately canopied bed—what a haven of repose it must have been to her, when she finally achieved it after the first hard years. It looked pretty swell now, to her relative by marriage. Bed—oh, sure—one of those things you fall into a night when you can't stand on your feet any longer, and roll out of in the morning before you get your eyes open.

In the corner stood Eliza's sweet little bookcase, stuffed with inviting books. Books—what're they—why those things they review at club meetings, of course!

The mahogany desk was an old honey, but it was the torture seat too, where Cabby had to check over the

addenda of the day. Groaning, she pulled the memorandum pad toward her. Addenda, huh? Meant to leave you behind with dull business in the city—you turn up out here, bigger and badder than ever.

Kuan Yin, calm-eyed Chinese goddess, official holder-down of papers—how'm I doing?—how do I stack up with the other Chadwick wives? You've known 'em all. Not so good—why, you slant-eyed jade! How can I work any harder at it than I do? There you sit on a letter from Ann Bowers, my ex-partner and apartment sharer, that came yesterday, and I haven't had time to read it yet. She's yapping about being worn out with the hectic round. She still envies me the peace and quiet of small-town life. Which peace!

I shall reply to her, Kuan Yin, and say, "I found no peace in Chadwickstown. You may be busier than I am, but I don't believe it. You don't have to attend and personally supervise every dog fight that comes off there—but I do here. So please shut up about the peace and quiet. I haven't seen any yet!"

It would do no good. From the very first astonished

moment when Ann had learned that her partner was to marry that "big brick man from the West," whom she had known only two short weeks, Ann had determinedly looked upon Chadwickstown as Utopia.

The evening of the wedding, Ann had gone about in a state of shock, singing mournfully,

*"Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word,
And the sky is not cloudy all day!"*

I was a bit lightheaded that night myself, Kuan Yin, because I hadn't thought it could happen to me. There I was, twenty-nine years old, half partner in a successful advertising agency. Love was something you used to build up sales appeal for face cream and deodorants. Oh, I had a few flutters—by moonlight—and they always looked pretty silly to me by the cold and prosaic light of day.

Until Jon came along. ■ Continued on next page

AS USUAL young Mrs. Chadwick poured the morning coffee from the outsize and ancestral silver coffeepot. Only this morning when the handsome Royal Doulton cup was filled, she kept right on pouring, her big brown eyes slightly glazed, her lips moving in an unhappy whisper—"Ladies of the Civic Club, it gives me a great pleasure—" Here the cup ran over, and young Mrs. Chadwick stopped with a squeak of dismay.

While Elsa, the impeccable and long-nosed maid, cleaned up the mess, young Mrs. Chadwick peered around the coffeepot to see how Jonathan Chadwick, 3rd, was bearing up under this travesty of the poised mistress of the Chadwick breakfast table.

He was gazing at her, or through her, with that far horizon Gary Cooper look in his grey eyes.

"I was thinking of Bermuda, Cabby," he said dreamily. "Remember?"

She would be psychopathic if she didn't remember their honeymoon, only a year ago, and probably the most glorious, the most unforgettable, the most soaring-right-off-the-earth-into-heaven month—

"Yes," she said guardedly, for it wouldn't be suitable for Mrs. Chadwick to go into ecstasies here at the breakfast table with Elsa—Aunt-Sarah-selected—trotting in and out in her flat-heeled shoes.

"Just a year ago next month," said Jon, absently teetering his teaspoon on his egg cup. "Doesn't seem possible."

"Certainly doesn't," she agreed, and it didn't. It

Aunt Sarah's Shoes

By JULIA CORNISH BENNING

Illustrated by Jack Betts

didn't seem a minute less than five years that she'd been Mrs. Chadwick of Chadwickstown. She glanced up guiltily at Jonathan 2nd, who froze her with an icy grey stare from his gold frame on the wall. Who could blame him for being unreconciled to a Mrs. Chadwick whom her friends called Cabbage?

"No, Jon, it doesn't seem possible," she repeated rapidly. Jon was leading up to something.

"Cabby, how would you like—"

But the demon telephone shrilled from the pantry, and they both listened while Elsa answered it.

It'll be for me, Cabby augured with a sinking feeling. The day of Mrs. Chadwick, clubwoman, is getting off to its usual brisk start.

"Telephone for Mrs. Chadwick," Elsa announced, according to instructions, which were to call Mrs. Chadwick to the telephone under all circumstances but a bath. Jon's Aunt Sarah had explained that people in Chadwickstown thought you were stuck up if you wouldn't come to the telephone at mealtimes. Relay race meals were a small price to pay for not being thought stuck up, weren't they?

Cabby remembered just in time to give Jon the traditional bright smile, excusing herself from the table.

IT WAS the anxious voice of the Ladies Aid, personified by Mrs. Oden, that came complainingly over the wire; Mrs. Oden, who hadn't slept a wink all night (it was her sinus again), was going to take two grey pills and go back to bed, and Mrs. Chadwick would just have to manage the rummage sale herself today.

Mrs. Chadwick, that woman of iron, replied with convincing clucks of sympathy. Cabby hung up the receiver and clawed despairingly at her cuticle. Ah, wouldn't it happen today! Who, who could she inveigle for the rummage sale? Probably no one. Noonward the Civic Club luncheon lurked, a carnivorous crocodile, its

gaping open table mouth bristling all around with razor-sharp and eager lady teeth. So now it seemed there would not be even a decent interval of preparation for the encounter, but that she would be tossed, writhing, from the arms of the rummage sale into the mouth of the luncheon.

It was merely an everyday happening in the life of Mrs. Chadwick, who embodied in her small person both the chairmanship of the Civic Club program committee, and the chairmanship of the Anglican Ladies Aid Ways and Means Committee, just now dedicated to purchasing a carpet for the church parlor.

She was these things—and others—because of her Duty to the Community, and to Jonathan, as she now bore the name of Chadwick—as Jon's Aunt Sarah had very carefully explained in that memorable week before she left for the coast. Almost, the words, *noblesse oblige*, had slipped out from between Aunt Sarah's thin lips.

So Cabby (Mrs. Chadwick, 3rd) had dutifully stepped into Aunt Sarah's community shoes, and limped hurriedly from one function to another ever since. She'd show 'em. Handicapped though she was with an upturning nose, an absurd nickname, a love of quiet and a hot temper, she'd show 'em that the wife Jon had married was a credit to him!

She went back to her congealed egg and cold coffee. "Look, Cabby," said Jon, dropping the newspaper. He had one of those marvellous deep voices, the kind the radio clamors for and so seldom finds. "Look. I have to go East on business tomorrow. I thought you might come along, and we'd stay a week or two. What do you say?"

"Oh, Jon!" She nearly dropped her coffee cup in her excitement. Two weeks with Jon all to herself, no committee meetings, no—her excitement died the death. Almost she had forgotten; the Civic Club drive for funds for new showers at the Community House, and she was chairman! Duty called, and she had to act like a proper Chadwick wife, and not like a disappointed child about it!

"It would be nice, but I can't go." She dared Jonathan 2nd on the wall to detect any tremor in that Chadwick tone. "The new showers drive you know. We have everything planned for next week."

In the silence she swallowed the lump in her throat and continued.

"We have to raise five hundred dollars. We begin with the benefit bridge tonight, and next week there's the benefit dance, and the food sale, and—"

"I thought it might be fun to get away," said Jon slowly.

ENOUGH WAS enough, and this was it. She rose hurriedly. "Oh, it would, it would be—fun," she said brightly, firmly. "But of course I can't just leave all these affairs I'm in charge of. Do you mind if I run along now? There's a luncheon at the country club—and one or two things have come up—you'd better eat lunch downtown, and don't forget the benefit bridge we're making tonight."

His eyes looked back at her, and there it was again, that look she didn't understand. Grey Chadwick eyes, inscrutable beneath level black brows.

"Good-by," she muttered, and kept her chin up until she got out into the hall. "Mark one up for Mrs. Chadwick," said Mrs. Chadwick, proudly, but Cabby



She was all right until her eye fell on Mrs. Smith, gallant under her coy hat.

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Start with Campbell's Tomato Soup....



*... a schoolday lunch
is the work of minutes!*

Here they come! . . . Healthy youngsters, hungry as bears—with an afternoon of schoolwork still ahead. Right here is where wise mothers many a time reach into the kitchen cupboard for Campbell's Tomato Soup. Sometimes they have it as cream of tomato by adding milk instead of water. It's a favorite with the children either way. And because it's so nourishing in itself, it's easy to build a satisfying and sustaining lunch around it. Watch them go to it!



*... a dinner for company
is sure to make a hit!*

Old friends get together! More than likely, you'll find your guests have known and liked Campbell's Tomato Soup for years. It's the most popular soup in the world and it's becoming more popular every day... See how the bright, savory cups get your dinner off to a smooth start—how the lively flavor arouses interest—and appetites. You'll never be disappointed if you let Campbell's Tomato Soup in on your party plans!



*... a leftover supper
will go over big!*

Here's something! When what you have in the refrigerator isn't enough for another supper, try this: Serve what you have, and round out your supper with brimming, nourishing platefuls of Campbell's Tomato Soup. That grand flavor of luscious tomatoes, enriched with good golden table butter, is sure to waken family appetites—sure to please family tastes. Then watch the soup, and the rest of the supper, disappear!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHEN

Aunt Sarah's Shoes

Continued from previous page

IT WAS broad daylight, too, the day he walked into our agency. All the daylight in the world couldn't make him look prosaic. He stood looking down at me, his big shoulders sorta hunched—you know how huge his shoulders are, Kuan Yin—and his head bent over me, his eyes looking right down into my soul with an intent, brooding look, asking that silent, age-old masculine question—Is it you?

I wanted to say something smooth, and I couldn't think of anything. I just stared back at him. I was a goner, right from the start. Because instead of thinking, as I always had before, "Now let's see, will this one do for me," my head was full of just one idea. *Can I get him?*

I did. Married in two weeks from that first day we were, and my friends standing around breathless with surprise. They thought he'd swept me off my feet, he thought so too, well, he had—but I wanted to be swept.

It wasn't foolish, was it, Kuan Yin? We knew we loved each other. Was it dangerous to wait and find out the little things about each other after marriage? Like—oh, like watermelons giving him hives, and his having an Aunt Sarah and an important place in the community to maintain. Am I doing all right, Kuan Yin? Am I making him happy? I said—yes, I said it to him the night before we were married. "Maybe we'd better wait. Maybe we ought to know each other better. Maybe we'd be happier if we waited and knew each other better."

"Let's take a chance," he said. "I'd rather be unhappy with you than happy with anyone else."

I'll never forget he said that. It was the way I felt. I still do. Only what is he thinking when his eyes grow dark and he looks at me like—is he remembering those rash words?

Kuan Yin, I've been squeezing you to death! Did I crack your jade bones?

ALMOST NINE o'clock! Cabby telephoned the beauty parlor, cancelled her appointment. No time for beauty this morning. She snatched up the notes for her Civic Club luncheon talk. Just time to give the day's household orders and get to the rummage sale!

The rummage sale, held in an empty store building on Main Street, was a desolation of dust, limp clothing, old picture frames and anything else that the Aiders could drag from their attics in their rummaging frenzy.

Cabby abandoned herself to an orgy of selling.

"Try this green one. I think it's sorta cute, with the feather perked over your eye. Just snip off the broken part of the quill with the scissors. You can't beat it, for fifty cents!"

They came, they looked, and Cabby sold 'em.

The morning wore on. Cabby was beginning to resemble more and more one of her wares.

At the first lull she locked up, ran to the drugstore next door and telephoned or help, to sundry Aid members. To a woman they refused, and for reasons varied and unconvincing. Swallowing her chagrin, Cabby called her last hope, plump Margaret Fisher.

"I wonder," said Cabby, still polite,



SOLDIER'S WIFE

By ONE OF THEM

AT FIRST it had been exciting. The dear familiar face above the strange new uniform, yet with a subtle sternness of expression—purposeful, perhaps.

You had felt a certain pride; a pleasant conspicuousness in public places together those early months, when people still turned to look at a uniform. Once you had secretly thought people stole a second glance at you. Now glamour had suddenly descended on your husband, but reflected glory proved stimulating too.

With orders to live in barracks, your carefree married existence ceased. Meals together at home took on a new significance. You planned special menus, laid out your best china and linen, lit the candles, and made a memory. Every moment together must be perfect, for the shadow of separation was lengthening. How poignant to be aware of happiness at the time and how unique.

Two weeks leave after six months of service. The blessed reprieve from thoughts of war, in a strange and beautiful setting. A second honeymoon, a breathing space and then—off to camp.

For you, a rented room in a near-by town alive with soldiers. A friendly town whose people helped pass pleasantly the days which stretched into weeks, almost two months. It was like engagement days again. You listened for a phone call, met for dinner, parted on the doorstep, but with heartfelt gratitude that you could still meet.

Each week end might be the last. You noticed the sky, the trees, the flowers. Your senses seemed turned to beauty, as though there would be no loveliness when you were alone. The last week was a dream. You were gay, you laughed. The next-to-the-last day you blessed each other and made promises. The last day, you choose to forget.

Back home, or was it home, the days were long, the nights were endless. A personal feeling developed toward the postman. A familiar envelope, and he was a friend; no letter, and you unjustly felt that he was to blame. Three months alone with the past was enough, then back to the welcoming arms of your parents.

It was a wrench to break up your first home with its associations—the memory of friends gathered around your fireside—that last week end when there had been toasts and tears. Now you are with loved ones who would do anything in the world for your happiness, but your happiness is across the sea.

You knit, you sew for the Red Cross, you listen avidly to the news, and you write innumerable letters, cheerful letters because you are so proud of him and promised to be brave. It seems like a futile existence. You are living in a vacuum, but you keep on living because some day, some day, life will begin again. ■

Drawing by Elsie Miller

though her dusty hands twisted uncomfortably on the receiver, and she squinted at the lock of hair that wisped over one eye. "I wonder if you could come down and take over the rummage sale today, Mrs. Fisher?"

"Not today. I'm too busy," came the reply in that cagey and too familiar tone of refusal.

Cabby hung up, blew the hair out of her eye, and stared at the telephone in baffled anger. This was getting a bit thick, even for Chadwickstown. Why did they use that tone to her? She knew, all right. She was still an outsider. For all she had worked and conformed frantically with them for a year, she was still an outlander, and to be held at a distance.

"Darn!" said Cabby, trotting back to her rummage.

It was just an hour later that, in the midst of a big deal in mismatched galoshes, she looked out her dusty window, and saw Margaret Fisher, plump, immaculate, stepping out of her shining sedan.

"The ducky. She's come to help after all."

But no. She sailed past, with only a polite nod for the besieged seller of rummage.

Cabby gave pursuit. "Aren't you coming in to help?" she shouted after the neat curves ahead.

Fisher turned broadsides, surprised. "Why, no. I told you I was too busy this morning."

"Busy with what? You don't look busy," said Cabby, and her rudeness was balm to her soul. She was tired and overted of handling these people with kid gloves.

"I have a house to clean and a husband to cook for, and I haven't three servants to do it for me."

"You're lucky, if that alibi keeps you from doing the dirty work I have to do all over this town," said Cabby crossly. "What I wonder is, how did you manage before I came to town and took over? Well, you're not working now, anyhow. Come on, help me out."

"I'm going to do some shopping now, and meet my husband for lunch," said the Fisher, firmly.

"No!" cried Cabby, and laid a hot detaining hand on the plump and reluctant Fisher wrist. "Jon's eating alone. Yours can too. Now we've got to sell out the rest of this junk today, and I've got to leave. You were as avid for this new carpet as anyone. So face it! Come on in and get to work."

"What about my lunch?" asked Margaret indignantly, jerking her arm away.

"Skip it. Do your figure good."

"Well!" gasped the Fisher. "You needn't get personal, Cabby Chadwick." Cabby! Here everyone but Jon called her Mrs. Chadwick. Suddenly she felt a little homesick.

"You never called me Cabby before."

"I never saw your face dirty before," said Margaret. "All right, I'll take over. Get going. You need a bath."

THE BATH felt wonderful. But Cabby's glow of triumph began to subside. Was this, could this be the tactful Mrs. Chadwick, that credit to her husband and community? Was this the way to win friends and influence people?

Her weary muscles relaxed in the warm water. Forbidden visions of the trip with Jon came to her. She banished

■ Continued on page 20

Note to the Future :: Continued from page 7

"Oh, that! I've always been hyper something or other, but we'll let that pass. You'll like it at the Base, Libby. Everyone is busy, the men in uniform and the wives, the hum of planes in the air, the drone of activity at the machine shops, the shipbuilders pounding away at the dock and every evening we'll sit together and hear the soft goodnight of taps..."

"Why not?" Libby said. For suddenly it seemed like the one place to be happy in. He said everyone was busy. She knew nothing about what they did in a machine shop or how a plane was flown or a ship built, but she would be there, seeing them done—a reassuring sight to fill the emptiness.

Bill wasn't speaking. He was sitting quietly looking at her, but there was a luminous quality about his face that hurt Libby. It expected so much more than she could give. She'd marry him and from now on she'd throw away each minute as soon as it was lived. It is what she should have done for Paul when it would have been easy to give. It was a mad, impulsive gesture to marry a stranger, but he wanted her for some utterly incomprehensible reason, and that was that. She wouldn't look into the reasons for anything any more.

"And so they were married," Bill was saying, and there was a smile behind the words. "It's coming true."

"What is coming true?"

"Everything." He stood, and Libby was glad that he was going now and going without any show of affection to seal this quixotic contract. "I'll pick you up for breakfast then—about nine."

"All right. Mother, too."

"Mother, too. And perhaps you'd like Nanette, and I'll bring along the spy chump just to make it perfectly legal. The transport sails at twelve."

"There ought to be time between nine and twelve, I suppose, to be married?"

"Time enough," Bill said. He held her hand for a moment and then turned away.

Libby followed him into the hall and had a moment's awful doubt. "Did you mean all this? I mean I can't believe it's going to happen."

"I meant it. It's real."

"Tomorrow I suppose I'll wake up and find it was a dream, but it was fun."

"We'll turn the dream on at nine," Bill said, and was gone.

SOMEONE WAS tapping gently at her bedroom door. Libby opened her eyes and saw her mother standing in the

doorway. She wore a lilac quilted housecoat, and her dark hair was piled on top of her head so that it fell from its knot in soft curls. "I'm running off and leaving you, darling," Libby thought, "and I'll miss you...I've lived with you all my life. In just a moment I'm going to tell you."

"It's Nanette on the phone," Mrs. Brewster said. "I hated to wake you, but it's time you were up."

Libby pattered across the floor in her bare feet to the living room and the telephone. "H'lo, Meat Ball," Nanette said, "what do you mean by being asleep on such a divine morning?"

"I hadn't noticed. Is it divine?"

"It is, and I've had an early call from the Navy."

Libby smiled to herself. "It's a certain Bill Thompson who's been in love with your picture for years. I once fancied it was I..."

"My picture?"

"The one on our baby grand that you sent me from London. You know, it has the nice limpid look about the eyes...it's the look that undid him, darling."

"But you don't know Bill...you said you wanted to meet him."

"Of course I know him. I've yearned after him ever since I cut my first eyetooth."

"You planned it then," Libby accused quietly.

"With my eyes open!"

"And mother? Did she know, too?"

"Don't ask so many questions," Nanette said evasively. "I'm so happy that I'm practically ready to climb a mountain or whip up a cake or write a poem or..."

"Don't!" Libby was silent for a moment. "Why don't you be a bridesmaid instead, darling?"

"The best one you ever had," Nanette promised.

"Grey suit with the touch of red?"

"Right!"

"I feel very inadequate myself," Libby said.

"Don't worry about a thing, Meat Ball. Bill has been planning on this day for moons and moons. Don't you know that the Navy always has the situation well in hand?"

"I'm just beginning to discover that," Libby said. And knew from this day forth, forever more, she was dedicated to the Navy, but most particularly to one quixotic member of it...the one who had fallen in love with her picture. ■

Image—by Mona Gould



You can't put it into words
This feeling of remembering.
It comes up like a little mist
Between you . . . and your world . . .
So that suddenly a flurry of leaves . . .
Or pewter mugs . . . shining in a shop window . . .
Can make you stand quietly . . .
Till this ache passes over!

GLORY BE!
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WE'RE Milder! LET US DO YOUR DISHES - SEE HOW MUCH KINDER TO HANDS!

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Wash the modern way with the "last word" in laundry soap—New OXYDOL with "Hustle-Bubble" suds.

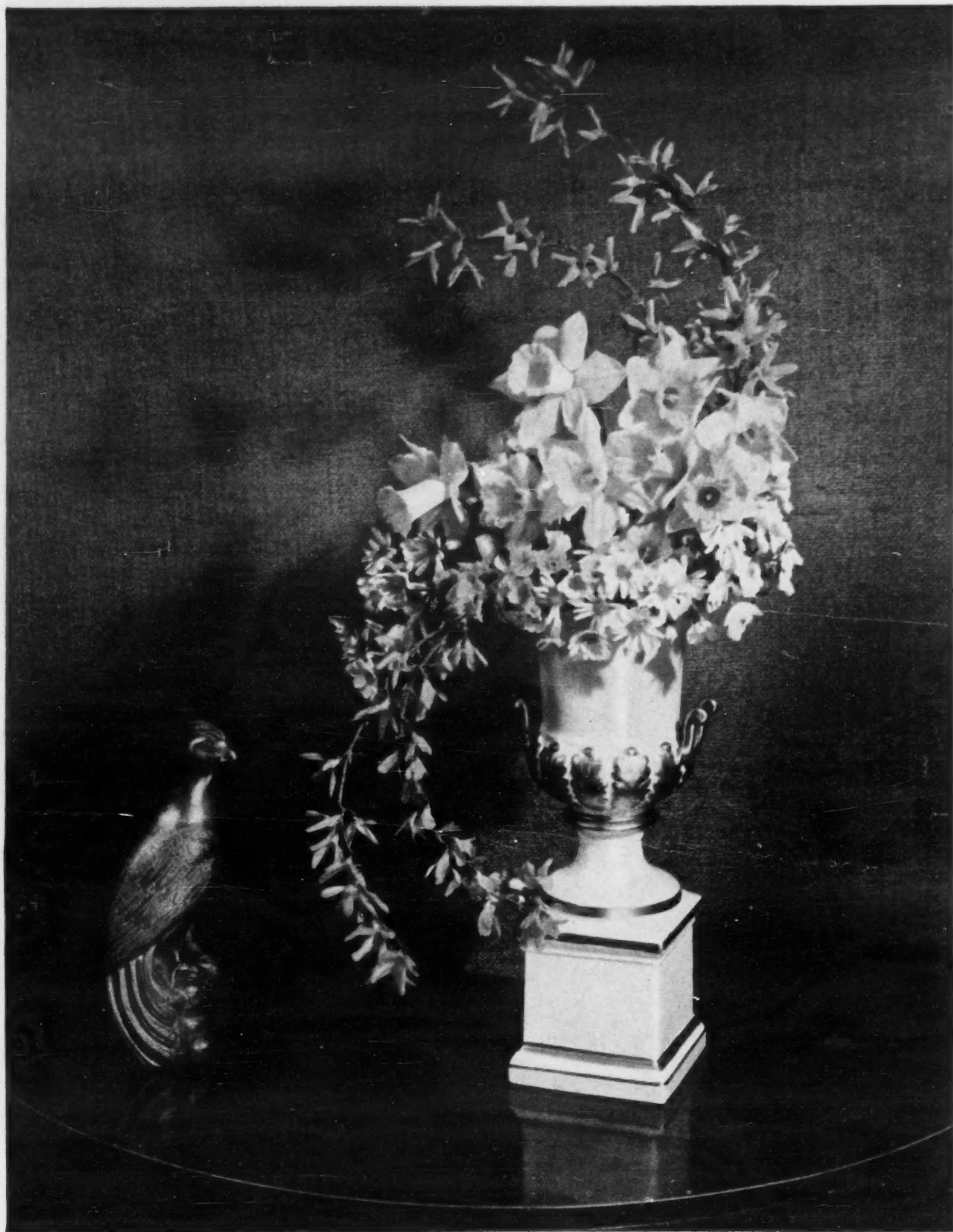
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Promise of Spring :: by Helen Turner

ALREADY the spring flowers are blossoming in the florists' windows. Pause awhile, even in these bitter January days to feast on the sweet enchantment of narcissus, tulips, daffodils. This is perhaps the most difficult month of the year to make selections for your floral pieces—but the month when they mean most. It is a time for small flowers—for the fragrant purples of violets, the sentimental delights of

pansies. You will find sweetheart roses, sweet peas, snapdragons and already a few Easter lilies. Carnations are at their best this month—in the beauty of their crimsons, scarlets, white and yellow.

This floral arrangement which might be dedicated to Spring shows a charming use of the curved line of beauty, and was created by the famous floral authority, Laura Lee Burroughs. The curved sprays of forsythia

—which you'll be able to bring in from the garden and force in the house, in a very few weeks—repeat the line of the gold bird used as an accessory.

Beauty in your floral decorations does not call for a lavish use of flowers—but rather an exquisite appreciation of their individual beauty. Learn from those who know the principles of flower arranging—and discover a world of pleasure making your own flower pictures.

for crying your eyes out over the ghastly speech and the poisonous luncheon—if you were that kind of wife, which she certainly wasn't.

"My speech? Oh, my speech went fine."

"That's fine," said Jon. That seemed to settle that.

But all during dinner her eyes kept straying to his shoulders. Wonderful shoulders. But Jon wasn't the kind of a husband a wife cried all over. No. Too formal for that. Too polite. Funny thing, she hadn't realized how polite he was until they were married and living in Chadwickstown—how terribly polite, that is.

And what was he thinking about, as he ate his broccoli in dark silence?

They hurried, for the benefit bridge was at eight o'clock, and Jon said he wanted to pack his bag for the trip before they left for the evening.

After dinner Cabby went along, a dutiful wife, to help him pack.

"I'd have packed your bag this afternoon, but I was too rushed," she told him, pushing the luggage stand forward for his bag.

"Naturally," he said ambiguously, apparently not seeing the luggage stand, and slamming the suitcase down on the bed.

Leaning on her desk, Cabby watched him tossing things into the bag.

She was going to miss him. Through a kind of mist in her eyes she noticed he was throwing things into the bag with surprising abandon. Almost immediately he slammed down the lid.

"Your pyjamas," she cried, happy to be of real help to him. "You didn't put in any pyjamas."

"I don't need any," he muttered, banging the bag down on the floor.

"But what'll you sleep in?" cried Cabby, blinking and bewildered.

"In nothing. In my underwear," he roared, kicking the suitcase into a corner.

Cabby stared at him, open-mouthed and amazed.

"As if you cared!" he muttered darkly. "You needn't act so solicitous and—wifely. I know you don't care what I sleep in, or if I sleep. You won't even know I'm gone," he growled.

Cabby sat up straight. "What?"

"You won't have time to miss me!"

The man's voice was positively brutal.

"Why won't I?"

"You'll be too busy. Flying around. Partying. Lunching. Committeeing. Raising money for showers. The usual social whirl you find so necessary to pass the time."

"Did you say social whirl?" said Cabby grimly.

"I did," said Jon. "I refer to the social round you leaped into the minute I brought you home. Gadding every minute! You'd die of boredom if you had to spend a quiet evening with me."

"Gadding!" Cabby gasped. "You call it gadding to sell rummage all morning and tickets all afternoon and—"

"I call it gadding, and I notice you lap it up."

This, then, was a sample of the famous Chadwick fair-mindedness!

"Listen, I wear myself out, and work myself to death, all to please you and—"

"Don't blame it onto me. To please yourself, you mean. It's not my idea of—"

"Doing things I hate, trying to make people like me—and they won't—"

"Oh, they like you, they love you! Beautiful and successful career woman takes village by storm!"

"Shut up!" shrieked Cabby, outraged. "You can't deny it was your Aunt Sarah herself who told me—"

"Don't throw my Aunt Sarah up to me." Jon's rage leaped to new heights. "Isn't it enough to have one of her in the family, without you turning into another. And then when I invent this trip, you won't go. Too busy!"

"Listen here. It's all your fault."

"My fault! That's good." The man was positively savage. "All you want to do is run around and have a gay—"

"Why you—you—" Cabby's mouth was open, but the right word wouldn't come. Somehow Kuan Yin was in her hand, and then Kuan Yin, her friend, was flying through the air toward Jon's head. Jon ducked, and Kuan Yin smashed against the wall.

Jon didn't say anything, but he gave his wife a look. Then he grabbed up the suitcase and slammed out the door.

TRANSFIXED, CABBY listened for the outer door to slam. It slammed. Then she fell upon the bed and howled.

He was gone. He didn't love her. He hadn't appreciated a thing she'd done for him. He was a brute—and she'd thought he was polite. Too polite! That was wonderful!

From the floor the fragments of Kuan Yin mutely reproached her. She'd broken her only Chadwickstown friend!

But he was gone! She buried her head in the pillow. What did she care if she smeared lipstick and tears all over the best bedspread!

Amid the general ruin, the phone rang. It was Margaret Fisher, offensively gay.

"We took in sixty-five dollars on the rummage, Cabby, and all sold out."

"Did you?"

"Yes. What's the matter. Sunk?"

"A little."

"Ah, buck up, Cabby, the first hundred years in Chadwickstown are the hardest."

"Thanks," said Cabby. "You're a pal."

It was true. Plump Margaret was now strangely enough a pal. Too late, though!

Since she was leaving, she wanted to leave an honorable record. There was this bridge benefit. She was in charge. Who would pass out the cards, see about the refreshments?

She called the high school, where the benefit was to be held. It had to be Mrs. Orville Smith who answered. Cabby knew her authoritative voice.

"I can't come to the bridge tonight," she explained in a weak voice. "I'm not feeling well. Will you take charge, Mrs. Smith?"

There was a pause, and Cabby's heart sank even lower. Mrs. Orville Smith would now take her revenge.

"Certainly I'll take charge, you dear child," came that redoubtable voice in a gruff coo. "You stay right there and rest. I'll look after everything. I thought today you looked pale," she added meaningfully, "and so irritable too, quite unlike your usual sweet self. That's just how I was—well, you just stay off your feet, and don't worry. I'll manage here."

Though dazed, Cabby managed to close the conversation in good form and hang up. And now this. Too late it occurred to her that Mrs. Smith would



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PNEUMONIA often attacks without warning. Usually, however, it is preceded by a common cold, influenza, or other infection of the breathing passages. So, it is wise to



Avoid exposure to chilling and fatigue

take good care of yourself whenever you have a common cold. Catch these infections early, and do not let them drag along until they become serious.

Today, particularly, this disease may endanger not only your personal health, but also the efficiency of our war production. Individual good health is vital for a nation at war.

When a cold hangs on, and you feel generally miserable and feverish, be especially cautious. Avoid exposure to chilling, and particularly fatigue, late hours and over-eating. The two safest and sanest steps to take are: 1. *Go to bed*; 2. *Call your doctor*.

The first sign of pneumonia is generally a severe chill followed by fever. Even more definite



Dress the children warmly

symptoms are coughing, pain in side, thick, rust-coloured sputum, and heavy breathing. Usually these signs are not just forerunners. Generally they indicate actual pneumonia.

The pneumonia death rate has been reduced over fifty percent in the past three years. Nevertheless, the first essential for successful treatment still is early diagnosis. This permits the prompt use of the powerful new sulfa drugs when the physician (and only the physician) prescribes them; it makes possible early determination of the type of pneumonia, and use of serums if advisable.



If a cold hangs on, go to bed... and call a doctor!

The difference between a quick cure and a long, serious, perhaps fatal, illness depends upon getting a doctor — not tomorrow, but *immediately*. Given the chance to treat more pneumonia cases early, doctors and nurses can still further reduce pneumonia fatalities. By calling the doctor early and getting nursing care, you can help him to use more successfully the weapons of modern science.

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Aunt Sarah's Shoes :: Continued from page 16

them, grimly beginning on her speech of introduction instead. Golly, how did it go?

In silent anguish she towelled herself, scrambled into her clothes. It was getting late!

And Jon had called it a "quiet little town," been apologetically afraid she'd find it dull!

"I'll find things to do," she'd assured him. Oh, hadn't she, though! And where were the long firelit evenings alone with Jon she'd anticipated?

She heard the phone ringing. In a moment Elsa knocked at the door, and reported that Mrs. Orville Smith was on the telephone, and wondered if Mrs. Chadwick had forgotten the luncheon and her. They had all those flowers to arrange, and if Mrs. Chadwick wasn't coming by for her, she'd take a cab!

"Thank you. I'll talk to her," said Cabby.

Yes, she would talk to Mrs. Orville Smith, that formidable clubwoman who kept no car, rode in the cars of her acquaintances, and bullied them into a painful promptitude.

"Yes, Mrs. Smith," she murmured into the telephone with deceptive gentleness.

"You're late," accused Mrs. Smith. "Ten minutes late. If you're not coming right on, I'd better call a cab."

Here was the threat of threats. No one in Chadwickstown ever took a cab to the country club, five miles out of town. By precedent Cabby was due now to apologize abjectly for the delay, and promise to arrive forthwith at the Smith porte-cochere.

Instead. "That's a good idea. Go ahead and call a cab. As head of the decorating committee, you should be there. I'll be at least fifteen minutes more."

"Well, really," spluttered Mrs. Smith, naturally disconcerted at this young Chadwick worm turning right under her stylish stout heel. "Oh, I'll wait. But you might at least hurry."

"I wouldn't think of keeping you waiting. Take a cab," said Mrs. Chadwick firmly, and hung up.

As she turned into the country club drive, she met the cab driving out.

MRS. SMITH, crowned with a preposterous flower hat, was arranging jonquils when Cabby walked into a sudden and suspicious silence. Jane Watts and Barbara Billing, browbeaten underlings of the decorating committee, stole looks of guilty admiration at Cabby, and Cabby knew the general had reported the insubordination.

"Where's the silver urn?" asked Mrs. Smith haughtily.

"What silver urn?"

"Why the big silver wine cooler with the Chadwick crest that we always use on the speaker's table for the annual Civic Club luncheon."

"Oh, that one? I didn't know I was supposed to bring it," said Cabby innocently.

"Didn't know!" Mrs. Smith was red in the face, and words popped out of her like bullets. "Why Sarah Chadwick always brought it. We never have a Civic Club luncheon without it."

"I didn't know." Was it for this she had married her love and come to Chadwickstown to live?

"You ought to know. I told you!" said Mrs. Smith, and the outrageous untruth of the statement in no way affected her impressive delivery.

Let the house of Chadwick tremble. Let it go into a nose dive! Cabby took a deep breath.

"Of course you couldn't be wrong, Mrs. Smith. You haven't been wrong for thirty years. You may not always be right, Mrs. Smith—but you're never wrong!" The formidable Smith mouth was dropping open, dazed unbelief settled on the other two faces. Cabby added a final touch. "And don't worry about flowers for the speaker's table. That elegant nosegay on your head will look ravishing—on the table." With a wink at Jane Watts she wandered away, leaving a sticky silence.

In the dressing room her knees were wobbling.

"I've done it now. Promising career ruined. She'll never forgive me. What's got into me today, anyhow?"

There was no time for repining. The speech of introduction would soon be upon her. She barely had time to shuffle through her notes when the luncheon assembled.

She swallowed a little creamed chicken, she toyed with a strawberry torte, she sipped some black coffee. The waitresses, with a great clatter, removed the dessert plates. The speech was upon her!

SHE FLOATED to her feet and tapped her glass with a spoon for quiet. It got quiet. It got ghastly quiet. She looked around upon the expectant ladies of the Civic Club assembled there.

"Ladies of the Civic Club," she began, as she planned. She was all right, she thought afterward, until her eye fell upon Mrs. Smith, gallant under her coy hat. What had she said about that hat? And they were gone! All those beautiful and appropriate words she'd memorized—gone! She couldn't stand there all day gasping.

"Mrs. Ramsey will now speak to us," she finally croaked, and dropped into her chair, setting a new record for brevity.

She made a dash for her car after the luncheon dragged to its close, but Jane Watts intercepted her.

"You were wonderful, wonderful," Jane babbled. "I didn't know you had it in you."

Jane must be crazy. She couldn't stop to protest, because she had to rush around and deliver a lot of the benefit bridge tickets before dinner.

She dragged in just in time to wash her hands for dinner. Jon rose up tall from the wing chair where he had been waiting.

"How was the luncheon?" he asked politely.

Cabby restrained herself. All authoritative advice to wives read, "Never unload day's grievances on tired husband."

"Oh, the luncheon," she said, "the luncheon was lovely." She smiled to prove it.

"That's fine," said Jon. "How did the speech go?"

You could lie more convincingly if you didn't look him in the eye. She looked intently at his right shoulder. And what a wonderful broad shoulder it was

Beauty Culture . . . A Department of Style, Health and Personality



Personal Daintiness

By JEAN ALEXANDER

WHOS THE most attractive woman of your acquaintance? Is she really beautiful? Or is it just that she's so well groomed, so poised, so charming, that you forget all about those minor imperfections of face and figure, in admiration of the woman as a whole?

We've been doing a lot of harping about the importance of skin cleanliness. By all odds the clean skin is the healthy skin. And the healthy skin multiplies its chances for beauty by one hundred per cent.

Somebody has said, "The perfect skin reflects a perfect functioning of glands, digestion and a properly balanced blood stream. You've got to give your body fresh air, exercise, the right food—well balanced—enough sleep, proper elimination, relief from tension. Neglect any one of them, and you're almost sure to see an immediate reflection in this living envelope which nature has given you."

But to return to our original discussion—it's nothing short of amazing how many people seem to believe that beauty care begins at the neck and works up. True, a lovely face will often help to distract attention from other physical shortcomings. But precious few of us can afford to ignore those other efficient aids to good grooming which can do so much to enhance attractiveness.

Most people are willing to concede the inadequacy of the Saturday night ablution as a guarantee of physical cleanliness. A warm relaxing tub at night, and a fresh wake-up shower in the morning, become the foundations of the whole cleansing process. There are even those

who believe that there's something more than usually revivifying about the daily bath ritual. One eminent physician says that static electricity is liberated from the body, that the tub's pipe connections with good old terra firma serve as grounding agents to carry it off and leave you feeling rested and relaxed. It's an interesting speculation anyhow. And the fact remains that the daily bath, for health, beauty and cleanliness, can't—and shouldn't—be ignored. It's an integral part of the beauty routine. And it can't be over-emphasized.

But that's not all.

Heaps of people stop right there. And they shouldn't. The epidermal functions are many. And one of the most important is the throwing off of impurities. You must help cleanse your skin of dust, grime, sweat, waste and the dead cells it casts off. And you must supplement and assist the skin's work all along the way. You must help your skin to work for itself—and your beauty. Soap and water, bath oil and lotion, cream and powder and perfume—all can do their part for your personal attractiveness. But one shouldn't ignore those little extra guarantees of personal daintiness which can do so much for one's sense of security and good grooming.

For instance, nobody can truthfully say, "But I never need an anti-perspirant. I never need to use a deodorant." . . . Everybody does. And, for the information of all and sundry, here is a simple fact-facing summary of the products available, and their uses.

Don't, for example, confuse the deodorant with the

anti-perspirant. The deodorant is just what its name implies. It neutralizes perspiration odor. It doesn't check perspiration. The anti-perspirant does.

The anti-perspirant suffers somewhat because of its name—according to a famous dermatologist. She says it has been named wrongly. It should be called a divertive, because, if it stops perspiration in one place, the skin just naturally throws off that moisture in added quantity through the hands or feet. Anti-perspirants, that is, products which effectively stop perspiration in any one spot, are both liquid and creamy in form.

One beauty authority points out that the liquid anti-perspirant was the first development. The darker the color the stronger it's likely to be. But these original anti-perspirants, and especially the strongest ones, were sometimes hard on delicate skin. And so a milder product was developed, which could be rubbed in like a cream, or which—like the "ice" type—liquefied when it touched the skin and was rubbed in, in the same fashion.

Don't think that creams are only deodorants. They're frequently anti-perspirants, too. In any case, all should be used exactly according to directions on the container. They're all most explicit. Liquids and creams which have to be washed off after application are generally considered to be the most lasting. Different products are designed for different uses. The thing to do is to know your own needs, if that isn't asking too much, and be guided accordingly.

If one suffers excessively from overperspiration, in palms of hands, under arms, soles of the feet, it's a



good idea to consult your doctor as well as your dermatologist. Extreme nervousness, shyness, an inferiority complex, may cause you to break out in a perfect lather (literal as well as metaphorical).

But pursuing other problem cases, everybody is troubled more or less with superfluous hair. And in these years of enthusiastic suntanning and summer bare-legged fashions, it's a condition which everybody wants to control. Shaving is the quickest, but not necessarily the most satisfactory, method. There are preparations which come with a small pan in which the substance is heated (but not too much) before it's applied and patted in briskly. Then when it's dried, you just zip it off like adhesive. A soothing cream should be used to follow. It can be used on the face, too. Heaps of girls have their eyebrows trimmed in this fashion, for it's said to discourage later growth, and the hairs gradually diminish, coming in finer and softer as they appear. If you can't remove—bleach.

It's an excellent idea to get into the habit of using a really efficient mouthwash, too. Gives you an upper hand with the situation. But, for goodness sake, choose one that you'll enjoy using. Experiment a little. Find a product that you like, and that does the trick. And use it religiously. Of course you brush your teeth night and morning and after every meal.

The conclusion to this whole campaign for personal daintiness is that you should leave no small stone unturned to ensure your complete attractiveness. Don't take a chance. Don't think, "Oh, I'll get by." Maybe you won't. ■

"It's sweet to hold
your HANDS—"



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endearing softness in your HANDS



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probably spread her cheery tidings through the length and breadth of the bridge players. And what a shock it'll be to her when she discovers I've left here for good! And yet, something in the way the old armadillo had melted, melted Cabby's heart in turn, and she wept, and weeping, opened the long-neglected letter from Ann. She was crying so hard she could scarcely read it.

The words, however, leaped at her through the tears.

"Coming to spend a week in your peaceful and quiet home, if it suits. I'm simply exhausted with the constant rush here." There was more of the same.

Staring aghast at the letter, Cabby heard the door open quietly, and jerked around. Jon stood there, filling the doorway, awkward, shamefaced, sorry-eyed.

THEY LOOKED at each other, and he dropped the suitcase and strode across the room to her, crunching heedlessly on fragments of poor Kuan Yin.

She was in his arms, and his shoulder was right, exactly right, for crying your eyes out.

"Stop it, Cabbage, stop crying, darling. Look what I brought you."

He stuck something into her hand. Curiosity made her peek at it, because it felt like a cheque, and it was a cheque, for five hundred dollars—but made out to the Women's Civic Club.

"This is big money," Cabby protested. "Why the Civic Club?"

"Because you're going with me, and you needn't have the drive for your accursed showers. Buy 'em with this. I'm rich and I'm balmy." He kissed her to prove it.

Cabby looked at the cheque, and she looked at Jon's eyes, all shining grey like—like she liked 'em. Still she managed to keep a remnant of good sense.

"You're balmy all right," she decided. "We're going to need that money ourselves. Mrs. Orville Smith started something on me tonight, gave me an idea. Swell idea." She gave Jon a coy look. Then she tore the cheque in half.

"I'm going with you, all right, all right. You see, I'm a new woman, and she ain't Aunt Sarah the second. I'm

★

EGO

By Daisy Cook

Some part of every day
I must be myself —
Not a wife,
Nor a mother,
Not even a woman —
Just a human being,
Some part of every day.

★

gonna worm myself into the affections of this town, as is. So we've got to get this wire off to Aunt Sarah. We go, but with honor!"

She wrote the wire out, sitting at the desk with Jon looking over her shoulder.

"Leaving immediately for points East. Please rush home for duration of trip take charge drive for new showers. Drive your own idea anyhow if I remember and I do remember. Love, Cabby."

She wrote out a wire for Ann too, humming Ann's song, Jon joining in with a wicked baritone.

The wire said: "Leaving immediately for second honeymoon. Wire you soon as we return home. Insist you visit us and bask in the peace and quiet of our home. Love, Cabby." ■



Why is she so chic—so
self-possessed—so different?

Her poise is perfect. And her face is as serene as her mind. She has a Crème Simon complexion. She's confident that time's cruel finger cannot age her skin with ugly lines and wrinkles.

CRÈME SIMON, the different skinfood used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

**CRÈME
SIMON**

Jars 60c — \$1.10 — \$1.75.

Ask too for Poudre Simon
CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS
ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

It costs less
because it wears longer
AND IT'S WASHABLE & COLORFAST
Make your own

**Viyella
DRESS**

• Viyella combines snug warmth and light weight—and your Viyella made dress will wash without fading or losing shape.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
36" and 54" wide At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto.

BRONCHITIS

Quickly Relieved

• Vapo-Cresolene helps break up local congestion and brings soothing relief. Its penetrating vapours act directly, making breathing easier. Dependable — effective. Successfully used to relieve the paroxysms of whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma and coughs associated with bronchial irritations and colds. Lamp or electric vaporizer. Directions enclosed. At all drug stores.



Vapo-Cresolene



Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal, Que.
FREE! Please send me your Booklet
"The Little Lamp of Health"

Name _____
Address _____

tween the U.S. and England! So cosy and warm. It's not too late to knit up a few for the balance of the winter. The drawstrings at the top—make 'em of wool, too (the ribbon ones are apt to bind)—keep them on snugly all through the bitter night. And, as our foremothers used to say, if your feet are warm you're all warm.

☆☆

Muffs more than ever—I prefer the muff bags, then you don't have to be bothered with an extra burden. If you're making the muff yourself, take the inside of an old bag, complete with change purse, etc., and sew it into the slit of the muff. So adequate.

☆☆

If you haven't a housecoat to relax in, in the evenings, now's the time to

get one. Those quilted ones are very smart—and warm. Make 'em knee length and wear them with flannel slacks...probably left over from the summer. Your days are so packed now, you owe it to yourself, and your friends, to relax prettily.

☆☆

The new purple shade—Grapevine—is whispering its own campaign among us color lovers. But be careful of your lipstick. The red and orange tints clash with it. Get one that has the purple tone—and you're pretty safe. These days, when we dash hither and yon—try keeping an extra supply of lipstick, etc., in your purse and on your dressing table. Then you won't be borrowing the one from your bag—and leaving it on the bathroom shelf! ■■



For an evening with a good book, this attractive model wears scarlet and black velveteen lounging pyjamas with slippers to match. Grand for her bridge foursome night with the girls, too.

Spotlight on the Working Girl

Chatelaine's fashion editor and photographer candid-camera-ed these four smart career-girl shots for you at a big city style show recently



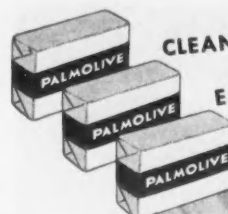
For a date with the out-of-doors, the little girl who's out for fresh air after hours chooses a short, easy-swinging skirt of paddy green, grey-green vest, white long-sleeved shirt and hand-knit knee socks.

Routine Regalia like this little black wool number takes on smartness in the shape of a fitted jerkin of honey beige. Black hat, gloves and bag are the right touches for a date from the office.



Fixing for Fun is definitely the idea of this careerist model, photographed in a foam of swishy white chiffon and net, gaily bespangled.

(Models and ensembles courtesy the Robert Simpson Company)



CLEANSES DEEPLY, NATURALLY, SAFELY

EASES AND SOOTHES IRRITATED SKIN

GIVES YOU A FASCINATING, DAINTY FRAGRANCE



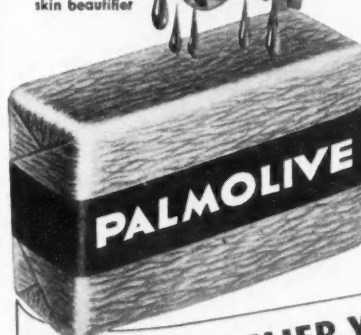
Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
with **PALMOLIVE**
the beauty soap made with
nature's finest beauty oils!



OLIVE OIL
treasured for
centuries as
a natural
skin beautifier

Give your beauty a lift towards love! Bathe regularly with beautifying Palmolive. And soon, adoring eyes will tell you that you've gained the enticing charm of a Schoolgirl Complexion.

If your skin is the least bit sensitive, then you'll especially appreciate Palmolive. Made with Olive and Palm Oils—two of Nature's kindest, mildest beauty aids—Palmolive actually *soothes* as it cleanses! Yes, for thorough, yet *gentle* cleansing...for fragrant daintiness that keeps you fascinatingly feminine...for a skin wondrously soft and smooth—free of irritation, trust gentle Palmolive. Let its soothing, beauty-rich lather help bring to your skin the incomparable allure of *natural* loveliness. Be sure to get two cakes of this new, improved Palmolive, today!



FOR A LOVELIER YOU...USE PALMOLIVE
made with
Olive and Palm Oils...Nature's Finest Beauty Aids

FIVE HAPPY, SMILING MAIDS ARE WE
WITH TEETH AS WHITE AS WHITE CAN BE
TO MAKE YOUR SMILE AS SWEET AND BRIGHT
JUST BRUSH WITH COLGATE'S MORN AND NIGHT



ANNETTE
CECILE
EMILIE
MARIE
YVONNE

COLGATE'S IS THE ONLY TOOTHPASTE USED BY THE DIONNE QUINS



"When the time came to select a dentifrice for the Dionne Quintuplets, I selected Colgate's Dental Cream. No other dentifrice is ever used on their teeth..."

Allan Ross Dapoz

For their world-famous smiles the Quins depend on Colgate's. This soft, gentle toothpaste cleans their teeth thoroughly, safely—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel... or irritation to tender gums and tissues. Colgate's is safe!

CHILDREN DON'T HAVE TO BE COAXED TO BRUSH THEIR TEETH — WITH COLGATE'S!

What a relief! No pleading, no threatening when you give your children Colgate's. Like all children, your youngsters will enjoy brushing their teeth with this pleasant-tasting minty toothpaste. That's why Colgate's makes it so easy to teach children important habits of oral hygiene. As for the adults in your family, they'll thrill to the way Colgate's makes teeth sparkle... and keeps breath always clean and sweet!

40c 25c 12½c

The most beautiful smiles are Colgate smiles

Listen to the "Happy Gang", CBC, Mon. thru Fri. See your local radio page.

FASHION SHORTS

By KAY MURPHY

HOW ABOUT a pastel wool dress about this time, or a bright print? Both, if you can manage it. Keep them tailored—smarter that way. But do wear a dickey. Gives you that alive look—and cuts down on the cleaning bills. If you can't find a good dickey pattern, buy a really smart dickey, then make several from it—white is always good, but a pink one is lovely with blue or brown—turquoise is elegant with pretty well any color.

☆☆

"Snow Flowers" is a new bright fad along Fifth Avenue. Tiny white bead flowers embroidered here and there on a dark dress. Takes away the sombre look—yet does not bring in cleaning problems. If the next dress you buy needs brightening up and you haven't the time or inclination to always be washing out collars and cuffs, embroider some tiny white beads into a unique design on the bodice—and the skirt. If you think you'll tire of them, do it on a backing, then attach the backing to the dress. Rip off at will.

☆☆

"Lazy Bones" is our newest haircut. A short mop of curls that just needs brushing and a lick of the comb to make the perfect coiffure. But many of us still hang onto our long hair. (It takes so darn long to grow a mop, it seems, that we hate to part with our tresses.) If it's a nuisance, go back to braids. Around the house, let them hang down, little girl fashion, tied with colorful bows. Later in the day, pin 'em up with a glittering sequin bow, if it's a party. Or just coronet them, if it's a family affair. But don't go masculine with your hair. How the soldiers hate it!

☆☆

Knit-wits are more popular than ever! I mean those clever knitters who are really witty in their needling. At the opera premiere and first nights down here, so many of the women who make the front page next day, wear knitted sweaters, dotted and dashed with sequins, brilliants, nailheads and embroidery. Good for late afternoon, with a short skirt. Better than ever, later in the evening, with a long skirt. And for your little girl's party dress, a fond mama will think up all sorts of ideas how to have darling daughter both snug and smart. Her little sweater can be a pale shade, with a young collar of appliquéd flowers. Or the pocket may be a colorful Mexican hat, cut from felt and home-painted in numerous shades.

☆☆

We're having trouble in our industry! Especially in the airplane factories, where so many women are doing the work of men and they say they're trigger-sharp at it. Well, out in California an aviation plant decreed that the gals should wear uniforms. And a designer went to work on it. When the women stepped forth in those uniforms, practically all production ceased! But

only from amazement. These uniforms were sort of feminized overalls that were easy to get in and out of—and a sight for tired eyes. Nothing to catch in machinery—nothing to have to fuss over. The overalls and a tricky little cap, plus sensible yet womanly shoes, revolutionized the industry. Now the office gals are kicking. They want uniforms, too. While I'm writing this,



—Photo courtesy Gerhard Kennedy.

designers are working on a smart feminine uniform for clerical workers in factories. I've always been against regimentation in women's fashion's—but I'm willing to learn. It may be that the day will come when we gals will adopt some sort of a work-hour fashion that will save us a lot of worry.

☆☆

IF THERE is ever a fashion dictator, I hope the first thing that is ousted is that awful little black felt hat we all seem to buy every winter. I'm sure you have one—just look at it. Isn't it pretty bad? You may be able to brighten it up with a dish mop, but I suggest you cut it into strips and use it in the next rag rug you make. I like those little knitted parkas—in bright colors with felt flowers embroidered on them. If the weather is very cold, and your forehead needs protecting, tie a bright silken babushka on your hair, well over your forehead. Then pop on the bonnet. They're doing that in Connecticut, where it's cold too—and where most of the fashion gals relax over the week end...

☆☆

Those English woollen bed socks for both men and women are still another of the reasons for amiable relations be-



(Photos courtesy Warner Bros.)
Rita Hayworth's lovely hands are a good example of the importance of careful grooming for fingertip smartness.

Nail-Splitting Problems

WHATWITH all this knitting going on, hands are more than ever in the spotlight these days. And that's another reason why extra care should be taken to keep them looking well cared for. It's so simple, really. And with the manicure, as with every other part of the beauty ritual, it's keeping up the good work that brings the reward.

You know all the talk there's been about the nail-splitting situation? Well—a survey has been done about that, too. And guess what—the char ladies are the ones who have the least trouble with splitting nails! If they're good char ladies, it follows that they're always digging in corners, and that digging process is a very fine thing for the fingertips. It keeps 'em strong, healthy. It steps up circulation. Lack of stimula-

tion, beauty experts agree, is the chief cause of nail cracking. So buffing is the thing. And if you have a good nail buffer, lady, you're lucky. They're getting scarce on many a home market.

Development of porous nail polishes has helped, too — so the nail can "breathe" through the lacquer.

And don't forget to use a nail brush when you scrub. It helps stimulate circulation and keeps your nails healthy, too. Polish goes on much more evenly (one stroke from moon to tip, first, then fill in the sides), if the nail surface is smooth and clean. It doesn't really save time to put on a fresh coat over an old one. Just whisk over the nail with an oily polish remover. And start from scratch. You'll be pleased with the result! ❖

Beauty Brevities

Watch the men and women of the Services march by and you'll be struck with the unfortunate comparison between military and civilian posture. It's easy to relax into a slump; but it plays hob with your figure, dearie.

One of the really bad spots for most women is that little hump that so speedily develops at the back of the neck. Poor posture is to blame again. But, fortunately, there's something that can be done to correct it. Try to remember to keep stretching the back of the neck and the spine—especially between the shoulders—when you sit, stand or walk. Press down a bit with your shoulders and straighten at the same time, and you'll find yourself in a greatly improved position. To discourage that miserable little hump, press the fingertips into it and massage in a rotary motion. It will steam up circulation and break up the fatty tissue.

☆☆

Some folk have been "viewing with alarm" the pronouncements of certain Government controllers forecasting "no

more of this" and "no more of that" in the beauty preparation field. But really there's no cause for worry at the moment. Surely the ingenuity of the beauty experts can be relied upon to produce substitute materials, where they're needed—to replace certain substances now required for war industry.

One Dismal Desmond was trying to tell a crowd of soldier boys about potential shortages in beauty preparations. "In another year there won't be any more of 'em," he said. To which one bright youth retorted, "Say, they can't do that to us. No more beautiful girls? What are we fighting for?"

☆☆

Don't forget, when you're considering what can be done to enhance your own personal daintiness, how delightful eau de cologne and perfume may be. Used to their best advantage they can suggest a mood, lend emphasis to your own personality, give yourself a "lift." And there are as many scents as you could possibly imagine. ❖



"What lovely hands to wear a Wedding Ring!"

How long this sweetheart of the nineties had coveted the heavy, plain, golden wedding ring of her time, nobody knows, but like the girls of today, she knew that soft, smooth hands are as appealing to prospective husbands as soft lips. Her hand lotion (Campana's) had already been famous for 9 years in 1890, for it is now 60 years since Campana's Italian Balm first began to keep hands soft and lovely. This year there are TWO Campana's to suit all skins, and to meet all weather and working conditions—The familiar "ORIGINAL" and the new, lighter, "IMPROVED". Get the one that suits you best.



STYLES
HAVE
CHANGED
in Wedding Rings

but men still
love to place
them on hands
that are lovely.



No Drugstore Sodas in 1890
But they had Campana's



One of these Two Campana's

will suit your skin best

The hand lotion that suits others, may not be best for your skin. For some skins are dryer...or the hands may be exposed more...or the weather and working conditions may be different. That's why there are now TWO Campana's. Some prefer the "ORIGINAL" for colder weather...extra dry or sensitive skins. Others like the "IMPROVED" Campana's because it is a lighter weight lotion...is absorbed faster...suits less dry skin and is preferred when weather is mild. Both are made from costliest ingredients. Each has Campana's famous double action—softens the hands as it protects them. Campana's Italian Balm acts fast...lasts long. Use it regularly to make and keep hands lovely. Splendid value at 18c, 25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.00.



BRIGHTEN your SMILE
the Dentist's way—with

Powder and Water

WHY DO dentists, when they clean teeth, use powder and water almost exclusively? There's one big reason—experience proves nothing can surpass these two simple cleansers in safe, effective action.

Knowing this, why should you ever pay for water in a dentifrice? You've plenty of that at home! Get DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER, use it on a moist brush, and save money while you brighten your smile! Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is all powder—all cleanser. Not a trace of acid, grit or pumice. Developed by a practicing dentist, Dr. Lyon's gives teeth the daily care they need—cleans and brightens them, refreshes the mouth—and at the same time gives you assurance that nothing it contains can scratch or injure delicate tooth enamel.

Matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one. Get it at your nearest drugstore.



Why pay for water in a dentifrice?
—USE

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER
On a moist brush



Photo, courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

Fur Coat Care

by
Carolyn Damon

As neat and smart as paint is swagger coat of black karacul, made up in a style which is adaptable to any occasion from morning till night.

IT'S TOO BAD, in a way, that you never meet your fur coat socially until it's hanging on a rack in a shop. Because you could find out a lot of things that would tell you how it's going to wear, what to do to take care of it, and whether it will be warm or not, if you'd known the skins "away back when."

The question of warmth, for instance. That's settled by nature when your coat is still adorning its original wearer. If he lives in a mild climate, nature makes his hair shorter and thinner and gives him larger pores to perspire through. But if he's a forty-below-zero baby, like beaver, his hair is likely to be long, thick and close together, with fine pores.

And it all depends on whether or not he had a natural wave, how you will take care of your coat in wet weather. Straight-haired furs, like muskrat, Hudson seal and mink, should be brushed well when they're wet, to keep the hair straight and glossy. On the other hand, if you brush a karacul or moiré lamb too much, you'll take out the natural curl. Let it dry before you do anything to it. And of course you know, don't you, about letting your fur coat dry away from the heat, where it's airy but cool?

Oh—and in case you didn't know—beaver, which should be straight, is apt to curl when it gets wet. You can send it back to have it de-curved, but it's better to brush it well and dry it properly, and see that all the snow's out of it when you hang it away.

Another unknown figure in the case history of your coat is the tanner. Unless you're the fur-maker's daughter, you likely don't know him. But a lot of the way your coat stands up depends on him. Take the question of shedding. Some furs, like rabbit, are likely to do it no matter what precautions you take. But in other furs, particularly silver

fox, it happens sometimes if the tanner shaves too much off the skin.

There are actually two layers of skin, and if the tanner cuts too deeply into the upper layer, he reaches the roots, and the hair will fall out. And the white hair comes out before the black hair. Don't ask me why. But it's very inconvenient for your zippy little new black dinner dress. If you get a first-class fur, and it sheds, you have a right to complain to the management. And just wave this article in his face to back you up.

Oh—there's another thing that may cause shedding fur. That is, if the skin is cut out of season. So you can check into that.

If your fur coat develops an unpleasant odor—that is, if it smells after being wet—it's quite possible that your old friend, the tanner, has left too much of the natural oil in the skin. Whether you can do anything about it or not, you can at least know what causes it.

Mostly, the best thing you can do, since you make the acquaintance of your fur coat so late in its life, is to be sure you get one that you know comes from a dependable concern.

Today, in Canada, in spite of our miles of trap lines in the North, our fur supplies are becoming limited. That is, limited in choice. We still have plenty of muskrat and Canadian mink. But the imported furs, like squirrel, broadtail, Persian lamb and the other more exotic ones are growing less and less. One of the newest of popular furs is moiré lamb paw, which looks very like karacul, but is cheaper, and wears longer. It's a by-product of Persian lamb, and Canadian craftsmen hand sew it with silk, matching skins carefully. You'll find it in black and brown.

We're still fairly long on what is called "collar stock," that is, fur for trimmings, particularly in the long-haired variety. ■

YOUR OWN BEAUTY NOTEBOOK

Do you remember the advice you read in style and beauty articles? This unique Beauty Scrapbook will help you keep track of information relating to your own particular type — your coloring, figure, hair, skin, personality.

Send 10 cents to cover cost of mailing to:

Beauty Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

(Please tell us to what age group you belong — under 25, between 25 and 40, over 40?)

Woman's Whole Existence :: Continued from page 11

"Oh, Grandpa!" said Jack. "We'll have to take an interest in it, I suppose?"

"That won't hurt you," said Eddy, with a certain severity.

Jack's too thin, thought Sandra. He's tired, the way mother is. When they're tired, they can't let down. He'll sit up talking to Grandpa till all hours.

The doorbell rang, that special ring. "I'll let her in," said Jack.

THE WHOLE house changed when she came into it; she always came so gladly and eagerly, as if it were a triumph to return to them. A stir of life came with her, her warm voice came to Eddy and Sandra in the kitchen.

"Why, father, dear! Oh, Jack . . . Thank you, dear . . ."

She came along the hall to the kitchen, slight and dark, with a gentle droop to her shoulders beneath her white silk blouse. "Sandra, can I help you, darling? Eddy! Eddy! Pic—at this time?"

"Everything's just about ready, mother."

"Well, children, I thought we'd all have a glass of sherry, to celebrate Grandpa's book."

"Nothing but an excuse for your tipling," said Eddy.

"It really is an occasion," said Mrs. Crane earnestly. "When you think that he's nearly eighty."

"I don't see anything in that," said Eddy.

"Why, Eddy?"

"I don't either," said Sandra. "Lots of people are just starting their careers at eighty."

"Oh, you're joking," she said, relieved. "Eddy, if you'll reach down the sherry glasses, I'll rinse them—"

"No, you won't," said Sandra. "You go and talk to Grandpa."

But she lingered. "Are we having coffee, Sandra?"

"No," said Sandra.

"I should like a tiny cup," said Mrs. Crane.

"Why?" said Eddy.

"Because I'm so cold," she said.

"No," said Sandra. "There's some other reason."

"Really there's not, darling."

"Are you going West again?" cried Sandra.

"Darling, I'm afraid so. But the trains are nice and warm, and the hotels are—"

"I won't have it!" cried Sandra.

"You go and sit down and talk to Grandpa," said Eddy, "and I'll bring in the sherry." He waited until she had gone out of the kitchen, and then he laid his hand on Sandra's shoulder. "Take it easy, sis," he said.

"Oh, Eddy, if we could only do something—so that she could give up—that darn job!"

"We will, Sandra."

"I mean now. That travelling business always wears her out. I won't have her travelling around in this weather . . ."

"It won't be long now, Sandra. I'll get a job any day."

He was so big and so strong—and so young. So unfailingly kind to her, putting aside his own great disappointment and worry, and being so dear.

"Look here, Sandra! You can't cry. This is an occasion. Do we get crackers or something with the sherry?"

"S-sponge fingers."

"You rinse the glasses, and I'll dry them. Don't be a nuisance, Sandra."

"All right, Eddy. I won't."

"Remember when Grandpa bought that cake basket, and Mrs. Nelson sat in it?"

"Eddy, I'll never forget it. She was so furious . . ."

"That was almost as good as the time the cuckoo clock fell down—"

"And made the apples bounce out of the bowl—and hit Mr. Pryde—"

"Yep. Right on the nose."

They laughed so much. "Mother and Jack don't laugh at things like that," Sandra said. "They're much kinder and nicer than we are."

"But they laugh at Grandpa's jokes better than we do."

Sandra put the glasses and the bottle of sherry on a tray, and a plate of sponge fingers. "Don't fall over your big feet, Eddy," she said. "I'll be along in a minute, I'll just slow things down a little."

"I won't take any sherry, thanks," Jack said. "It makes me sleepy, and I've got a lot of work to do. Believe it or not, I'm going to get paid for it."

"Paid?" asked his mother.

"Absolutely. Old Miller's paying me two dollars to answer the letters he got about his cockeyed article."

"He said he got over fifty letters," said Eddy. "You're a chump if you do that for two dollars. It'll take you all night."

"I can do a lot with two fish," said Jack with satisfaction. His dark face had that light in it that his mother's had. They don't even know how to rest, Sandra cried to herself. They make me—wild!

"Father," said Mrs. Crane, "here's to your book, dear. We're all so proud of you . . ."

He rose and made her a little bow. "My dear," he said, "I couldn't have a finer reward than that."

He means that, thought Sandra. He loves mother more than anybody else in the world. Nearly eighty . . . You say that, but it's hard to make it mean anything. He was old when I first remember him. He's been old about as long as I've been alive. Mother used to say that he missed Grandma so dreadfully, but I never really believed it. I was always fond of him, but I never thought he was—exactly human.

SHE LOOKED at him now, so very, very clean and neat in one of the grey flannel shirts he liked to wear in the winter. He had written three books; he had been a well-known critic in his day, he had lived in Paris, in Rome. He had been young, a young lover, a young husband, a young father.

Young, like Martin. Martin's going

It's always August underneath your arms!



Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer. Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness *lasts*. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

FOR CONVENIENCE! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you're fresh for hours.

FOR SAFETY! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won't irritate even *after* shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

FOR CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded Mum goes on guarding your charm.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.



A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SIMPLICITY PATTERNS

No. 4091—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch. Detachable collar and revers require ½ yard 35-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4074—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch; 2¾ yard 54-inch material. ½ yard 35-inch with nap for contrast. Price, 20 cents.

No. 4043—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 35-inch with nap; 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4018—Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires 4½ yards 39-inch; 3¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4090—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.



NEXT TO the long-waisted look, you'll find the soft-shouldered setup taking the limelight. Here's a quintet of smart little numbers, keyed to the needs of busy Canadian girls. No. 4091. The slim tunic top is seamed at the natural waistline under a belt. Try wine with pale yellow. No. 4074. That forward pass look around the shoulders is emphasized by round shoulder yokes and soft bodice fullness. Black, we'd say, with a gay woven belt. No. 4043. The lady with the dogs leans to the new coat-style fashion, neatly waist-tucked and smartly full-skirted. No. 4018. At first glance this looks like a dress for the ultra-slim, but the slender bodice makes it a wiz at bustline slimming. No. 4090. Here's a new trick in yokes — the pointed yoke cap, for the girl who wants her classic with a different twist. Pattern Description on next page.

*Look Out for
Soft Shoulders*



Chief of Staff

By Doris Milligan

later still, with units throughout the province, as the Red Cross Corps, B.C. Division.

As commandant of the B.C.W.S.C., Mrs. Kennedy travelled through British Columbia, organizing new units and seeing to it that the fast-growing corps ran with smoothness and military precision.

She made sure that recruits to the B.C.W.S.C. were not just romantic-minded girls with a yen to wear the navy uniform of the corps. She stressed then, as she does now, that a woman's job in wartime is far from romantic. She believes women can best serve at tasks similar to those in which they were engaged in civilian life—typing, scrubbing floors, cooking, driving cars, clerical work.

When the Canadian Women's Army Corps was organized, she was the first officer appointed. Her job was that of staff officer for Military District No. 11 (Victoria) of the C.W.A.C. As such she had the task of getting the organization work in British Columbia under way, and she herself interviewed the earliest of the recruits.

English by birth—she is a native of Middlesex—Mrs. Kennedy received her education partly in England and partly in Canada. Service to her country comes to her naturally, for her father was with the Imperial Army in Egypt and her mother with the Women's Land Army in the First Great War. ■

SLIGHT, BRONZE-HAIRED Mrs. Norman Kennedy, of Victoria, B.C., stepped into a brand-new pair of shoes that fitted as perfectly as if they'd been made to measure, when she assumed the job of commandant of the newly organized Canadian Women's Army Corps.

Probably no woman in the Dominion could have brought so much specialized knowledge and experience to that job.

Mrs. Kennedy began preparing for wartimeservice a year or more before the war started. With Mrs. Hugo Rayment, now an officer in the C.W.A.C., and a small group of other women in the British Columbia capital, she organized the Victoria Women's Service Corps.

This voluntary group, based on the Auxiliary Territorial Service of England, and with similar aims and objectives, came into existence in 1938, the first of its kind in the Dominion.

In April, 1939, when the Vancouver unit was formed, it became known as the B.C. Women's Service Corps, and

weighed upon her. A dream was over. "Hello, Martin!" she said.

He was looking at her in his quick attentive way. "Mr. McAllen's book . . ." he said. "Very interesting."

"Yes, it certainly is," said Sandra. She sat down on the sofa, and he sat beside her. "My dear," said old Mr. McAllen to his daughter, "have you that old Shakespeare of mine handy? There are some notes in it . . ."

They went over to the bookshelves at the far end of the long room together; Mrs. Crane was kneeling down, slim and straight as a girl, her father stood beside her with his white head bent.

"This looks like you," Martin said. It was a photograph of an actress of a past generation, an intense little thing in a white dress, with a white mesh cap on her long dark hair. Juliet.

"Well," she said. "You couldn't find anybody much less like Juliet than me." "I don't know . . ." he said, looking at the girl in the picture, with her great sorrowful eyes and her flowing hair.

"It's true, though," said Sandra, speaking low, so that her mother and her grandfather could not hear. "We've all been practically brought up on Juliet and Ophelia, and the others. And—" She paused. Better get this over with now, she thought. It's a perfect opening.

"I'm not romantic," she said, looking straight into his eyes.

He frowned a little, puzzled and uneasy. "Well," he said, after a brief

pause, "I don't know about that." "I do," she said. "I don't know how they did it."

"Did what?" he asked. "I don't see," she said, "how Juliet had time to be in love like that."

"Well," he said, "wasn't she only thirteen, or something?"

"When I was thirteen," said Sandra, "I was so darn busy, what with homework and basketball and skating, and all the bosom friends I had. No. All these people—these heroines—d'you realize that they never had anything to do but to be in love? And what's more, they never seem to care for anybody else. No, I've got too much to do, and I'm fond of too many people to be—romantic."

They were still looking straight at each other. He'd just better understand right here and now, Sandra thought. "I see . . ." he said, and looked down at the book again, turning the pages.

She had hurt him. He tried to hide it, but there was a strained look about his mouth, and his eyes were miserable.

"Shall we get going, Sandra?" he said. "Let's not, Martin. It's such a vile night. Let's stay here, shall we?"

"All right, if you want," he said, and kept on turning the pages of that book.

The rain came dashing against the glass of the front door, against the windows. But it was warm in here, and she loved this room with the rather shabby furniture, the books, the old

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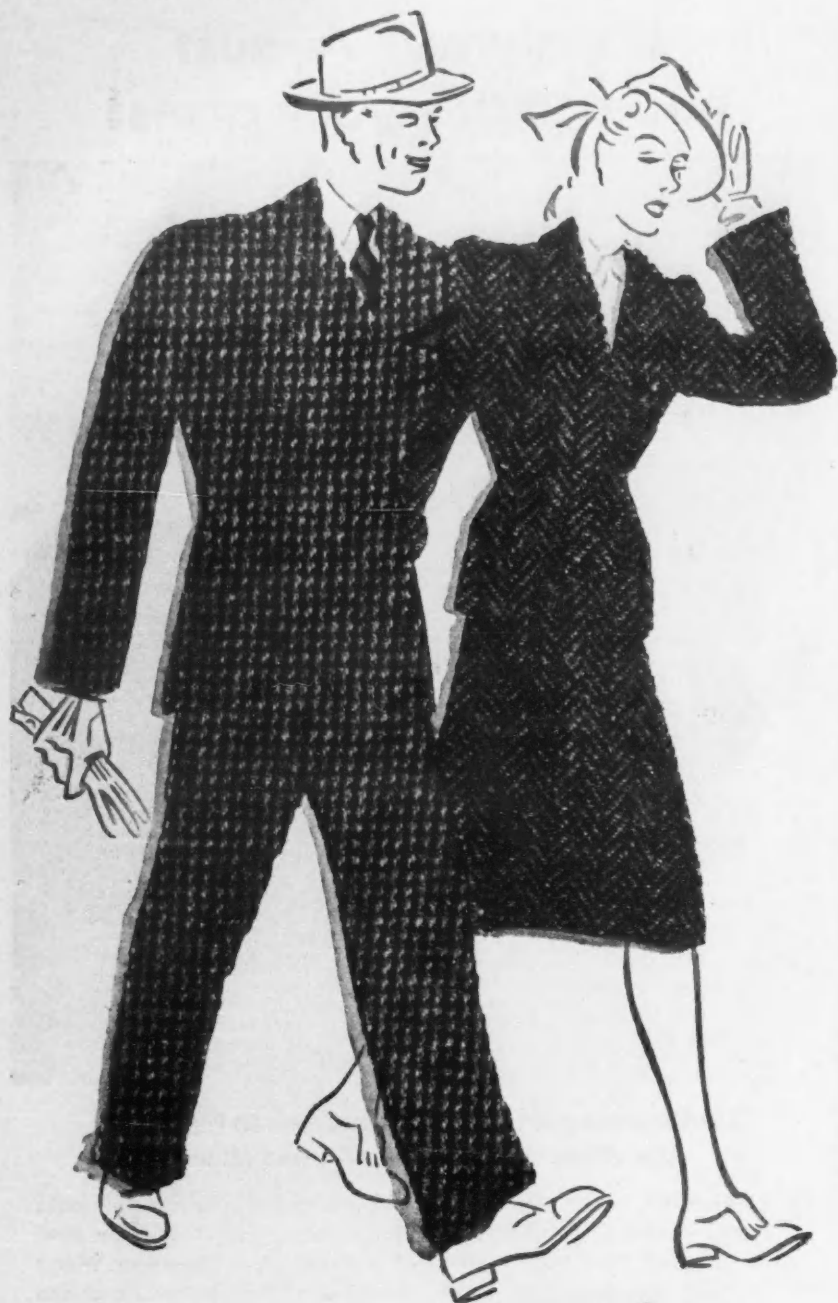
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LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT**

THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, 10 OLD JEWRY, LONDON, ENGLAND

places. That's how he looks. That's how he feels. Going right ahead—going right past a lot of things. Right past me, maybe. He's a very serious boy. I've—studied him. I remember all the things he says, and I brood over them. I ask him questions about himself, about his family. But he doesn't ask me any questions.

Only, sometimes he looks at me—as if I were simply dazzling. You look very pretty in that hat, Sandra, he said. You've got a nice laugh, Sandra, he said. He held my hand in the movies in a very serious way. In a—resolute way, as if he'd planned it all out. Even when he lights a cigarette, it's that way. He told me exactly how many cigarettes he allows himself a day. Fifteen. Exactly. Maybe he allows himself exactly ten minutes a day to think about me.

"Excellent sherry, my dear," said old Mr. McAllen to his daughter. "And these cakes . . . are they a product of your culinary art, Sandra, my dear?"

Sandra smiled at him with a sudden rush of tenderness. Loving Martin makes me love you more, she thought. Please feel how much I love you, Grandpa. Please don't feel lonely, dear. Don't feel old.

"Speaking of sherry reminds me of the time I was in Spain," said old Mr. McAllen. "That was—let's see—forty—why, that was over fifty years ago!"

For a moment his clear blue eyes were clouded, as if he were dismayed, as if some of those years had been lost. "Tell us about Spain," Sandra said.

He was an excellent talker, leisurely, tolerant, civilized. And for a time there was a wonderful feeling of relaxation and peace in the warm comfortable room. But then back came her worries; she had to go into the kitchen to see that the deferred dinner was not taking any harm, and that made Jack restless, and her face grew anxious. But nobody had the heart to interrupt old Mr. McAllen.

It was late, so late when at last they sat down at the table. I shan't be ready when Martin comes, Sandra thought. I wanted to be upstairs, and to come down very nonchalant. Girl going on date. But I'll have to be a home body again. I'll be in the kitchen washing the dishes. He'll have to sit here while I get ready, and I'll have to rush, and I'll be all flurried.

She had not told anyone that Martin was coming for her, and now, somehow, she couldn't. They ate the dinner, they praised it, they sat here, safe and shielded from the wind, with the icy rain dashing against the windows. At last they had finished, and they went into the sitting room again. Jack cleared the table for her; he was quick and deft, and he smiled at her, but he didn't speak. He was thinking about the work he was going to do, already lost in it with that almost frightening concentration of his. He shook the cloth and folded it carefully, then he smiled at her again, and went away. She heard him running up the stairs, and in a moment she heard the sound of his portable typewriter.

This clock is always fast, she told herself. If I hurry, I can just leave the dishes for Eddy to dry . . . If I hurry, I can be out of this darn kitchen before Martin comes. I'm not going to be so humdrum all the time. It gives him a very false impression of me. If I hurry . . .

BUT THE doorbell rang.

Somebody else can let him in. I'm not coming out in my apron. When I finish the dishes, I'm going upstairs to get ready, and I'll take my time, I will. After all, I'm a human girl, I suppose . . .

"Hello, Martin," Eddy said. "Come in. I'll tell Sandra you're here."

Standing motionless beside the sink, she heard her mother speak to Martin; she heard Martin's polite response. "Good evening, Mrs. Crane! Good evening, sir!"

"My father has an advance copy of his new book, Martin," Mrs. Crane said.

"Oh . . . I'd like to have a look at that," Martin said.

Eddy had vanished on his way to announce the visitor. Moving toward the doorway, Sandra saw him, a darker shadow in the dark diningroom, standing by the sideboard. He's eating a banana, she thought. He knew that was a transgression. You've got to ask me before you take things, Sandra was always telling them both. Otherwise, how can I ever plan?

Through the dining room she could look into the sitting room, bright and cosy; she could see Martin sitting in a chair, so very tidy and neat in a dark blue suit, his dark face in profile, keen, alert to sharpness, looking at that book with attention, turning the pages.

I'm not in love with him, she thought.

It came to her with a shock. He was so darling, and she was so very fond of him. She liked everything about him—his voice, his thick black hair, his bony wrist that showed beneath the clean blue cuff. She liked all his ways—his alertness, his energy, his serious politeness. She liked him so much that it made her cry.

But it isn't love, she thought. Not like the women in Grandpa's book. Not like Juliet. Not one bit.

I've led him on, she thought. I've encouraged him with all my might and main. I admit it! In a way, I've even run after him in ways he wouldn't see through . . . I've shown such a sprightly interest in his job. I've led him on and on—and now here he is. He's come here, this horrible night in this wind and rain—and he has to take two buses to get here. I'm so sorry. I can't help crying.

Eddy was moving quietly away from the sideboard. He's put the banana peel in his pocket again, she thought. I've told him not to do that.

"Scram!" said Eddy. "I'll finish here."

"No, Eddy!"

He untied the apron. "No, Eddy!" she said again, but he pulled it off over her head.

"Go in and save the poor guy," he said, putting on the apron himself. He was so big it wouldn't tie around him, he looked so funny and so dear.

"Eddy," she said, pulling his hair, "I don't like you to do this."

"Oh, once in a way I don't mind," he said.

She pretended to look in the china cupboard so that she could dry her eyes. But really, the worse I look the better, she thought. I've got to be entirely different to Martin now. I'm not going to the movies with him. Of course, maybe he doesn't care for me at all. But in any case, I've got to stop encouraging him.

It made her heart ache, not to be loving Martin; a sense of heavy loss

Your Home . . . A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



Left: From the floor to the roof, both laid on in sections, to save labor and speed construction.



Photos courtesy: Wartime Housing Ltd.

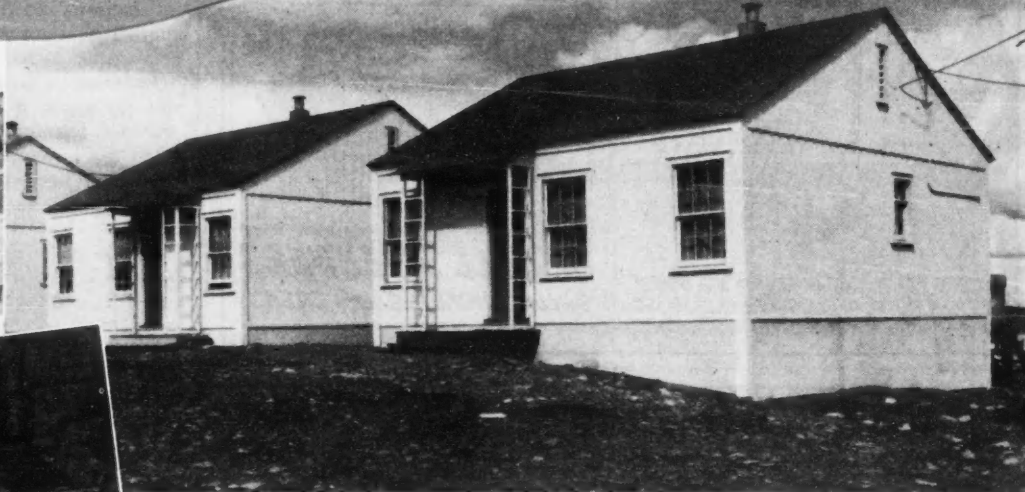
BUILT IN A DAY-AND-A-HALF



Centre: In go the windows, glazed complete, all ready to be installed in the wall section.

Above: Now for the gables, already prepared by mass production to save dollars and time.

Right: All outer walls and top floor ceilings are insulated. Batts are used for speed.



And here's the bungalow—all finished and ready to move in.

THESE HOUSES are typical of the homes which are being built by Wartime Housing Limited—a company created by the Dominion Government for the purpose of providing housing for families of those who serve the men who man the guns for war. The materials used and their construction make them durable for one or two decades.

Wherever defense housing is necessary—near shipyards, airplane and munition factories—such houses are to be seen from coast to coast, where building regulations permit.

The bungalow type provides a living room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom, and ranges in price from \$1,650 to \$2,150, depending upon location and local conditions. The story and a half type has on the first floor a living room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom, and on the second floor, two bedrooms. The cost ranges from \$2,150 to \$2,800, which is governed by local conditions. If built singly, an increase of about ten per cent would be involved. All prices are exclusive of lot.

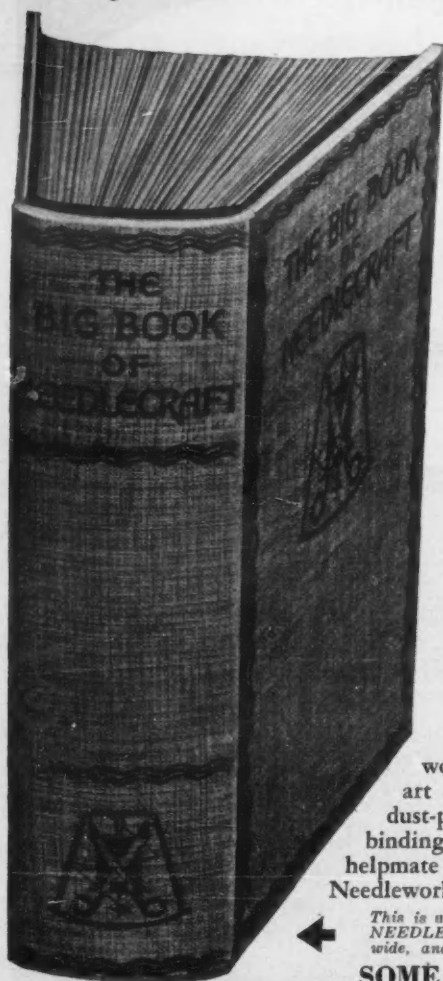
No basements are included, but sewer, light, water, grading, fire protection by hydrants, and local improvements are. Grading will be done this year.

The method of construction and use of new materials in these houses have a message for us all. They are of sectional units, demountable, can be removed to other districts, and are semi-prefabricated frame structures. The outside walls and ceilings under roof are insulated with mineral wool or wood fibreboard. The roofs and siding of outer walls are treated to make them fire retardant, where asbestos or plywood is used.

Double doors and double sashes, in certain locations governed by climatic conditions, are fitted throughout. To reduce the cost to the minimum, no basements are provided, but a victrola type of heater for burning coal or wood is provided in the living room. In the case of the one and a half story houses,

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clock ticking away. Her grandfather was reading aloud, her mother stood beside him, looking at him with her loving smile. Eddy was whistling a tango in the kitchen. Jack's typewriter was ticking fast. She loved them all so much, she closed her eyes tight, to keep back the tears... She had nothing more to say...

SHE OPENED her eyes, and he was looking down at her. Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her.

"Martin," she said, horrified, "I went to sleep!"

"You're tired," he said.

She tried to draw away, but his hand pressed on her shoulder, and held her fast.

"But—where's everybody else?" she asked.

"They cleared out," he said.

The typewriter was still going, and there was a murmur of voices from the dining room.

"Martin, I'm frightfully sorry. It's the rudest thing..."

"It's sweet," he said, and laid his cheek against hers. "I'm glad you felt like this. Glad you could go to sleep with your head on my shoulder."

"But I am sorry, Martin."

"Nothing to be sorry about, dear kid. Poor little kid. I do love you so..."

"Martin, you see—I love my people—so much."

"Couldn't you love me, too, Sandra?"

"But that wouldn't be enough, Martin."

"I want you just the way you are," he said, and held her closer. He really meant that. He didn't mind if she went to sleep when he came to see her. He didn't mind if she was tired, and worried about other people. He didn't care if she wasn't romantic.

"Oh, what do you suppose mother and Grandpa and Eddy think of my acting like this?" she cried.

"It looks bad," he said. "Very bad. They all went tiptoeing away. I bet they think you're Juliet."

She looked up, and he was smiling a little. He understood everything, and she understood him. He was tired, too. He had his worries and troubles; he came to her from an outside world where there were plenty of storms to buffet him. And she loved him like that, just the way he was. A boy who worked in an office, who wrote home to his mother every week, a boy with a temperamental boss who made things very hard for him sometimes, and a landlady who gave him towels with holes in them, and who didn't give him telephone messages. Here they were, with all those preoccupations, all these cares on their shoulders—but here they were.

"I do love you!" she cried. "I'm just sorry it isn't in a more glamorous way..."

Their eyes met, and he bent to kiss her. And it was all the beauty and the tenderness, all the magic that any heart could know. Who could be ingrate enough to ask that all of life should be like this? ■

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in the usual position, and the hot water or hot air mechanically circulated by means of a small electric pump or fan. With thermostatic control it would give a uniform temperature day and night. There are still many of our readers who are under the impression that it is necessary to have a rise to all heating pipes, and to those the question may rise: "How is this taken care of if there is no basement?"—By a circulating pump or fan.

The exterior finish varies. For instance, twenty-five per cent of the houses are finished with plywood, twenty-five per cent wood shingle, stained, and twenty-five per cent clapboard. The plywood is treated with a slow fire retardant which also gives the variety of color. The remaining twenty-five per cent are finished with asbestos shingles.

The roofs are covered with asphalt shingles, and in general the houses are built on wood or concrete posts. The interior partitions are semi-prefabricated with studs, and the finish of both partitions and ceilings varies in gypsum and fibreboard, and the spaces between

studs filled with mineral wool for insulating purposes.

It would seem hardly necessary to point out that a single house built in an isolated district, or where facilities for mass production were not available, would cost more than these, but there is no reason why the price should be exceeded to any great extent.

After having looked at the form of construction, you can readily understand why these houses were built complete in such record time as one every day and a half. Truly remarkable, but, nevertheless, a fact. Consequently, there is no doubt that for everyone interested in building a moderate-priced home, well designed and well equipped, there is a message in this wartime housing project. It illustrates new methods of construction and new material. The fact that all local improvements were made before a person was allowed to occupy a house, must, and will of necessity, prove of untold advantage and convenience, not only for the occupants of the house, but their friends and children. ■

By Evan Parry

door. The unburned coal is then scraped back over the bare grate.

The Air Flow

The air flow in hand-fired furnaces can be controlled by various combinations of settings of the inlets or dampers, which act as variable obstructions to the flow.

The main point is to be able conveniently to control the air from practically no flow—a bank condition—to as great a flow as is required beneath the heaviest load.

Opening the check draft at the top of the furnace to permit the air in the basement to flow into the stack so as to lower the draft on the furnace, has two disadvantages. It causes a relatively large amount of air to flow, most of which usually comes from the house rooms above, thus robbing them of their heat; also, it may lower the draft so much that gases, usually poisonous, given off from the hot coal, will come out the furnace door. Use of the check damper is usually best, confined to warmer weather when loss of heat is of little consequence and the fire cannot be checked any other way.

Leaks in the Furnace

For close regulation under the fire it is desirable to close all leaks as much as possible as it is seldom realized what a large amount of air in relation to the air

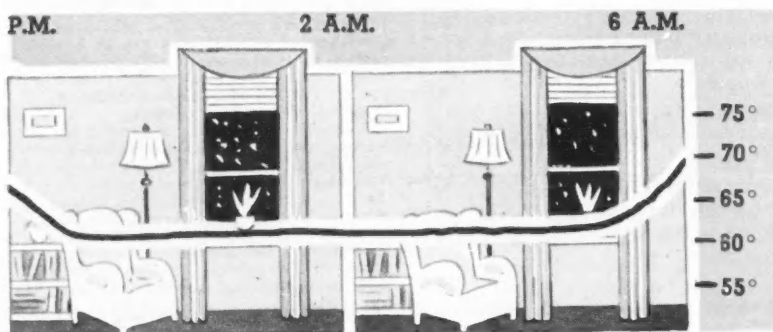
actually used for burning will flow through a very small leak. Leaks may be discovered with a candle flame and may be closed with furnace cement. A little steel wool stuffed around the shaker rod where it passes into the ashpit will usually cut down undesirable air leakage at that point.

It is often asked if there is any possibility of an explosion or fire puff when the air over the fuel bed combines with the unburned gases given off by the



fire. The answer is, "yes, but practically never sufficient to do any material damage, rarely blowing open the fire door." The fire puff is due to subignition of a mixture of unburned gases and air.

If a hot bed of fire is completely covered with cold fuel, especially of a



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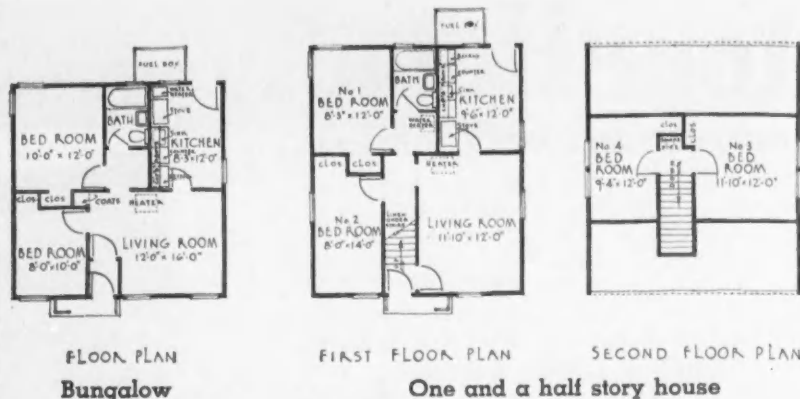
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registers are installed in the first floor ceilings for heating the second floor.

All plumbing is kept above the floor to prevent freezing, and the bathrooms have three-piece equipment, of vitreous china and enameled metal. The fixture in the kitchen is a combination type of laundry tub and sink. All interior woodwork, walls and ceilings are painted. Wiring for lighting, stove and water heater is standard.

As before mentioned, heating is

arranged for, but for those who desire to have a hot water or hot air furnace, there is no reason why provision couldn't be made in the space now allowed for the fuel box, if suitably constructed, at the rear of the house. There is no difficulty whatsoever in heating a house without a basement, as the modern heating equipment can be installed on the first floor to give the same satisfaction as if it were placed in the basement. Radiators can be fixed

How to Save Coal

THE DESIRE to save on our household fuel bills and to enjoy the best in heating satisfaction and convenience is just another phase of war economy. But to do this successfully one must start by considering satisfactory types of fuel and operation.

Perfect burning of any fuel is obtained when the burnable part of the fuel is completely burned, and only enough air is used to give the necessary amount of oxygen.

Unnecessary air takes some of the heat produced by the burning and carries it out the stack as a loss. This means that more fuel must be burned to make up for this loss. It should always be remembered that it is impossible to obtain perfect burning in the household furnace because, in the first place, it is necessary to use some excess air to burn the burnable part completely. The loss due to a small amount of excess air is not as great as that due to unburned fuel.

The Fuel Bed

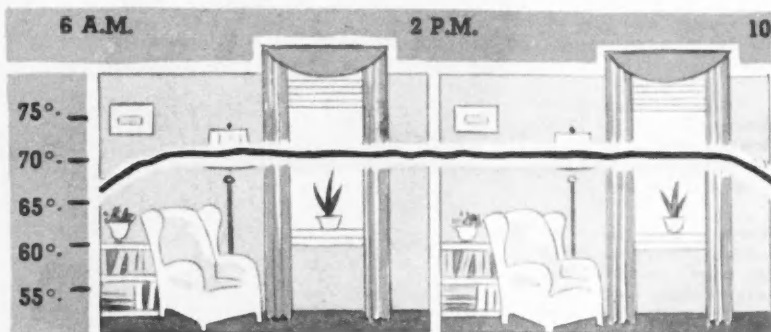
Practical ways and means of burning coal economically include methods of firing. With a level grate, a small amount of coal is fired at a time and spread over only a part of the grate. If the fuel bed is burning down evenly, the coal may be spread evenly from front to rear through the firing door. If there are thin spots in the fuel bed, the

coal may be spread over these spots. In this way the fuel bed is only partly covered with fresh coal at any one time.

It is better practice to fire small quantities of coal at a time and fire often, as the flow of air into the furnace for a given damper setting is generally at a fairly constant rate.

The thickness of the fuel bed depends upon the draft, the load on the furnace, and on the kind of coal. It may range from about four to ten inches. Less draft is needed to give the same amount of air flow through a thin fuel bed than through a thick fuel bed. A thin fuel bed must be watched carefully to avoid holes. A thin fuel bed will give less trouble from clinkers than a thick one. A thicker fuel bed may be used with coals that do not cake much, such as anthracite. Thick fires give more opportunity for clinkers to form than thin ones, and to avoid clinkers, keep the ash as cool as possible. A little water in the ashpit helps to keep the grates and ash cool. Never let hot ashes remain in the ashpit.

When using a level grate, it is necessary to separate the ash from the unburned coal in the furnace with hand tools. This is done by scraping the unburned coal or coke from the top of the ash over part of the grate. Some of the ash falls through the grate, and the rest must be pulled out the firing



This diagram shows the desired temperature level for healthful comfort both day and night.



One of the bedrooms from the Canadian Homes Beautiful, C.N.E.

visions of the National Housing Act. The accommodation consists of a living room, dinette and kitchenette, on one side of the house, two bedrooms and bathroom on the other.

Answer—Paint the living room and dinette walls a very light blue-green. The whole of the woodwork, including doors, baseboards, window trims and door trims, the same color. The kitchenette should be painted a very light pastel blue, including all woodwork, and the table top and legs on the chairs the same color. Paint the walls of one of the bedrooms, including all woodwork, a very light jade, and the other bedroom a very light orchid. The walls of the bathroom should be painted, including the woodwork, a much lighter tone of the green leaves that you already have in the curtains.

Question—The living room of our house is done in knotted pine, oiled to a deep honey tone. The balk has spread, leaving unsightly cracks. Can you suggest an inexpensive crack filler that will not shrink?

Answer—Get a local carpenter to make some small molded cover strips and affix them to one of the knotted pine boards. This will cover the cracks and take care of those which may develop, and at the same time by affixing it to one board, leeway is given for shrinkage or expansion from time to time.

Question—We bought an old house, and the living and dining rooms are now divided with an archway, but we would like to have these two rooms made into one, with an entrance from the front hall and French doors installed.

Answer—Do not have a French door leading from the hall into the dining or living room, but a plain door and painted the same color as the walls. French doors, so called, are out of date.

Question—I would like some advice about my bedroom. The enclosed sample of the chair cover is for your guidance, but would like to know what color bedspread and scatter rug to purchase.

Answer—The predominating color of the bedspread should be the light shell pink of the sample you sent me, the scatter rug of cream color of the leaves in the design.

Question—Please suggest a suitable fence for front of house 83 feet wide and 300 feet deep. There is not much lawn in front of the house. Also, would it be possible to build a small greenhouse, attached to house, underneath kitchen window facing southeast?

Answer—Install a picket fence and paint it white. The fence should be made of slats three inches wide with spacing of three inches to four inches between and fixed to a bottom rail, also a top rail and posts. By all means build a small greenhouse attached to the structure underneath the kitchen window, but of course it would mean some excavation.

Question—I am anxious to build a house in a town (Ontario) and wish to get some information on the Dominion Housing Act designs. Our idea was to build a house costing not more than \$4,000 and to include all modern conveniences where there are no city sewers or waterworks, three or four bedrooms, and the most for the money we shall invest. Have you any suggestions?

Answer—You will have some difficulty in providing three or four bedrooms for the figure you state. However, I suggest that you get a price locally from a good contractor, which is the safest way of making a start for such a project as you have in mind.

Question—Will you help me in arranging our new home, especially the living and dining rooms? The two rooms are done alike with light paper, ivory woodwork and cream blinds. We have bought a plum-colored chesterfield and chair, also an odd chair in turquoise blue, and would appreciate any suggestions for rug, curtains, or anything you think we should have to make our rooms complete.

Answer—Since the living room has a western aspect, the walls should be painted or papered a very light blue-green, including all the woodwork. The drapes for the windows should be orange homespun and made floor length, with celanese or sheer ninon glass curtains, the same length as the drapes. For lighting, use spot lighting, that is to say, standard lamps and table lamps only, no ceiling light or side wall bracket.



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small size, the gases rising from the hot fuel beneath may be so cooled that they will not burn above the fuel bed, and all flaming will cease. Generally speaking, if the draft is checked, as is done when the fire is banked, the whole action is slowed so that no fire puff occurs.

Have the equipment examined periodically and, if necessary, put in good order. To obtain the highest efficiency special furnaces are required. For example, installation of a gas burner in the ordinary coal boiler will not give as high an efficiency as installation of a special boiler and gas burner combined.

How Much Do You Waste?

A recent survey exposed the high percentage of waste through faulty firing of furnaces, as the following table shows

High Low

Anthracite....	70%	50%	(30% waste)
Bituminous...	65%	40%	(35% waste)
Lignite.....	53%	40%	(47% waste)
Coke.....	70%	50%	(30% waste)

The use of household stokers may increase the amount of coal over that used with hand-firing about 5 per cent, or may decrease the amount as much as 15 per cent or more, depending upon how poorly the hand-firing was done. Sometimes the amount increases because better heat conditions are maintained in the house. The hand-fired efficiencies obtained with hard coal ordinarily are higher than those with soft coal, so that there is more opportunity for improving soft coal burning.

This waste of efficiency could be eliminated in large measure by proper handling, proper firing methods and automatic control. ■

The House Clinic

Queries should be addressed to Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply

Two dining rooms of contrasting moods—as shown in the Canadian Homes Beautiful Exhibit at C. N. E.



Question—My problem is one of excluding light from a bedroom which is small and hot. Can you help me? My husband works at night and sleeps by day.

Answer—Use a pressed fibre Venetian blind which can be obtained at the department stores. These blinds are quite inexpensive and exclude the light. A small exhaust fan which can be operated electrically would be advisable. It could be inserted twelve inches from the ceiling, or put in the window and so regulated that no drafts will occur.

☆☆

Question—In a bedroom used all the time would a studio couch be as restful as a bed? The room would be occupied by two people.

Answer—By all means use a studio couch in the bed-sitting room, and

some delightful designs can be found today in most of the stores. Treat the three windows with one pair of drapes, and sheer ninon glass curtains covering the complete area of the three windows.

☆☆

Question—In a room about ten feet by ten feet, do you consider a chesterfield suite suitable?

Answer—The suite of your room does not indicate a chesterfield suite. It would clutter up the room too much. Preferably you should buy a chesterfield or sofa and two occasional chairs, one of the Regency style and the other Queen Anne.

☆☆

Question—Would you be good enough to give me suitable color schemes for our home? It is a small house which we built under the pro-

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MUSTEROLE

Housekeeping . . . A Department of Home Management

CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL



Fifth Columns in the Kitchen

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

THIS WAR is something that you and I and every Canadian housekeeper will have to take a hand in. We can't leave it all to the boys—and girls—in blue or khaki, for there's a fight to be won against the Fifth Column in our kitchen, and only you and I can do it.

Oh, yes, they're there, getting in their dirty work unbeknownst; that's the meanest thing about this meanest of all enemies. So let's bring them out in the open—then up and at 'em!

Poor Nutrition

It's practical patriotism to lick this fellow, for given half a chance he'll slowly but sure as shooting undermine our health and efficiency. It's a round for Hitler when the bills for sickness go up and when "time off" reduces our war effort.

You have to be on your toes to defend yourself and your family against the Fifth Column of poor nutrition, and the best of all weapons is good food, well chosen, well balanced and properly prepared. We must be both good shoppers and good cooks, to win.

So like any sensible general, map your campaign and marshal your resources: milk, meat or fish, poultry, dried peas and beans, eggs; vegetables—potatoes, greens and other varieties; fruit and fruit juices; fats, bread—white and brown; cereals, macaroni and other grain products. Then make strategic use of this army of wholesome simple foods by planning your menus ahead two or three days at a time, and fitting them together to provide a good balance of protein, minerals, vitamins, and all the dietary essentials.

Good cooking is the other half of the battle. Don't drown your vegetables in water, and don't cook them to death. And don't add soda to kill off the vitamins. To get the best service from potatoes, bake or boil 'em in their skins—and the same goes for many other vegetables and fruits. Cook meat in a moderate—not hot—oven, and simmer—don't boil—the less tender cuts.

Poor Buying

Money counts in winning the war against this Quisling. He loves a careless shopper above all things, knowing that pennies frittered away mean a sad ending

to your bankbook and fewer War Savings Stamps to stamp out Hitler. You can have him on the run by good management, by comparing values and getting the best returns for every nickel.

Here's your strategy: Have a budget and make up your mind to keep within it. Make out grocery lists, like your menus, ahead of time, to do away with haphazard selection and to save your own and your grocer's time—and gas. Stress simple Canadian foods in season and let the luxuries go hang. Learn the government grades of basic products—eggs, poultry, butter, canned fruits and vegetables—and choose the quality best suited to the dish and the menu; the top grade is highest priced, and often a lower one will serve the purpose equally well. Get the greater value of the larger size can; a 28-oz. tin of tomatoes, at 12 cents, costs you 3½ cents for each cupful; the 15-oz. size, at 8 cents, costs 4½ cents per cup. Take into account the amount of waste when considering the cost of food, and know how to choose and use the cheaper cuts of meat, inexpensive vegetables and home-grown fruit.

Waste

Here is an Old Nasty, and what a job he has been doing in many Canadian kitchens! Let's admit it; we have been on pretty good terms indeed with this one, but now we know him for the Fifth Column he is, and it's high time to give him a knock-out blow. Thrift will do it. So we will have to stop the little leaks which fritter away our resources and reduce the effectiveness of our war effort. You co-operate with the enemy if you waste food values by poor cooking—when you pour the vegetable water down the sink instead of saving it for soups, sauces or gravies, when you throw away sour milk, dripping, odds and ends of bread, and other leftovers which can be used to advantage in many dishes. Or if you leave batter in your bowl, or food in your pans, for lack of scraping.

It is Fifth Column work if you waste fuel by baking one measly little dish at a time, or again if you leave

the oven "on" till the last minute instead of using the heat stored up in your insulated oven. If you heat a full kettle for one cup of tea, or let the potatoes boil lickety-split when gentler heat will do the trick just as fast. You are using up power if you let the lights blaze when you don't need them, or keep the radio going while you're not listening to it. And you are wasting cold cash if you open the door of your refrigerator and wander all over the kitchen. Pennies are lost, too, when you put too much soap in the dishpan, too much wax on the kitchen floor, too many—or too thick—parings in your garbage can. Then think of the time and energy that's lost through lack of system or planning the day's work—and no commodities are more important.

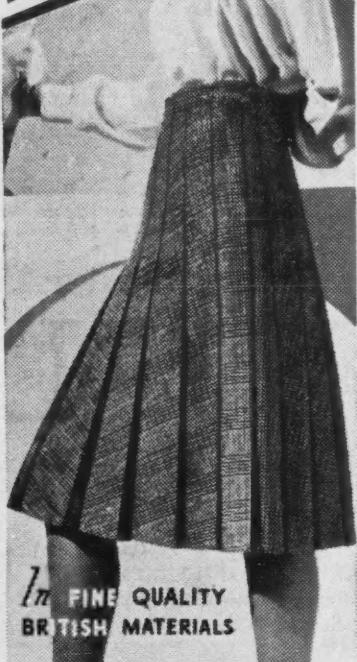
Right now you and I should be in the junk business, for many materials that we throw away or let lie around are a source of wealth and power for our side. Not only does salvage help to keep the wheels of industry turning in a good cause, but it helps to keep down the price of many goods and reduces city collection and disposal costs. So save your old pots, pans and kettles, broken scissors, knives and other kitchen tools, keys without a home, chains and other bits of scrap metal; they are all grist to the steel mills.

Save paper—newspapers, magazines, wrappings, telephone directories, cardboard cartons and packing boxes. Hang a paper bag in the kitchen to hold odds and ends—envelopes, cards, letters and other discarded scraps. All paper can be reclaimed and different grades of new made from it.

Save old clothes, snippings, string and rags of all kinds—cotton, linen, wool, silk and other material. They can be remade into new fabrics or used in munition and industrial plants as wiping rags. Save old tires and other rubber goods, old jars and bottles, old shoes, purses, gloves and all leather articles. Save all fats—dripping and cooking oils—and salvage meat bones for glue or glycerine. Don't start the fire in your fireplace with a fruit basket; it takes money, time and labor to make, and it can be used over and over again by farmers and dealers.

So let's show this Fifth Column that we're good scrappers. ♦♦

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'NOSTROLINE'
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

Devon Community Cannery

By Helen Caughlin O'Brien

How an enterprising New Brunswick woman is doing her part in the conservation of food.

★★★

THE TEMPO of Canada's war effort has been steadily increasing month by month as every man, woman and child begins to appreciate the very real opportunity there is for active help. Men in the various forces are doing their bit to carry on the war; our children are saving for thrift stamps, endeavoring to learn to knit, and in all practical ways trying to do their utmost. To the woman falls the part of carrying on the war activities sponsored by the Red Cross, Soldier Comforts and Red Shield Clubs, by knitting and sewing for our soldiers at home and abroad, and that very important work, the conservation of food.

They have been busy at this for the past months, with the most up-to-date methods available, knowing how essential it is to save all the perishable food possible. Mrs. A. A. Waterhouse and her son, Bert, of Devon, N.B., are doing their utmost to help their neighbors, and their community, and even people all over the province of New Brunswick, to carry on this work.

This enterprising woman and her son have built up a business in home canning that is simply amazing when you consider the humble origin of it. Mrs. Waterhouse had been using glass jars for her canning, but due to slight discrepancies in canning, found that she was losing some of her valuable food. Her husband suggested that he buy her a small canning machine to see what improvement she could make by using this method. The following spring he invested in the machine, and she had a most enjoyable time canning her products in the tin cans and sealing them, and at the end of the winter discovered that she had not lost a single bit of food.

This aroused her enthusiasm so much that she decided to ask her neighbors if they would like to have some of their products canned. Her son, Bert, hunted up the names of people whom she felt would be interested, and she told them of her new method, and asked if they had products they would like to have canned. A few of these people sent products in, and thus the work started. These customers were so well satisfied they in turn told others, and in that way her business increased. She has used no advertising at all, other than that of satisfied customers, and from the first year's canning, which consisted of 300 tins of food, the total has increased to over 54,000, in less than five years.

MRS. WATERHOUSE started by using an ordinary kettle, and the ordinary kitchen canning equipment on her kitchen stove, but as her business grew, she invested in a small gasoline stove. This soon proved inadequate, and now she has a small steam boiler to provide the necessary power. This is outside in her yard, and the steam is piped into the small addition added to her home for this work, the pipes being attached to the large vat used for the syrup for fruits, which will hold 1½ bags of sugar

at one time, and the retort which will take 240 cans. These cans are prepared by girls in the outside kitchen. The fruit is sorted and placed in the cans ready for the syrup. The outstanding feature of this also is that the fruit brought in by each person is kept entirely separate from the others, and is placed in one lot, with the number allotted to that person on the cans. The cans, which contain twenty oz., are then taken inside, the syrup ladled into them, sealed by machine and put in the boiler for processing. Young Mr. Waterhouse can seal about ninety cans in five minutes.

You can take your own produce to Mrs. Waterhouse, or she will buy it for you at market price and you can pay for it when you pay for the canning. She starts in the early spring with rhubarb and fiddle heads, the latter collected by the Indians near that district. As an



Mrs. A. A. Waterhouse.

experiment this year, Mrs. Waterhouse sent twenty-five cases of fiddleheads, containing twenty-four cans each, to a large chain of grocery stores. They were so pleased with the product, they ordered twenty-five more cases, and referred to them in their small trade pamphlet, congratulating her on her produce. These are followed by the strawberries, and this year she canned over 20,000 tins of this fruit alone. Then came raspberries, blueberries, crab apples, plums, cherries, peaches, pears, all the garden produce, beans, peas, carrots, beets, greens, tomatoes, tomato juice, corn and pumpkin. She also includes meats, such as chicken, deer meat, that is, for her own use, and the delicious Miramichi salmon, minus bones and skins, put up in half-pound and pound tins. Her latest addition is beef stew, with potatoes, onions and carrots. This last item she hopes will be taken up by some society to send to the soldiers overseas, as each can is a complete meal in itself, and could be readily heated.

The price for canning these goods is very moderate indeed, and the product is unsurpassed. This price may also be reduced if the customers prepare the product themselves. ■

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ont.

How COLDS affect YOUR KIDNEYS



The kidneys are very delicate organs, easily affected, especially by a cold. Their duty is to filter impurities and excess acids from the blood. When you have a cold—or any other ailment which creates added poisons in the system—extra work is thrown upon your kidneys. To help keep the

kidneys in good order, to help clear your system of excess acids and poisons caused by colds or other ailments, use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite remedy for more than half a century. 119M

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Manufactured Goods from Great Britain

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this magazine, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Those GREY STREAKS that age you can be tinted to their natural colour with . . .

Evan Williams TUNISIAN HENNA
In all Shades
from Blonde
to Black



**EVAN WILLIAMS
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It's
safe!

High Time for Jam

By Edith S. Coombs



Breakfast

There's a little jar of jam on most eight-o'clock tables, with contents that come from our own or our grocer's shelves, to provide the perfect accompaniment to many early-morning specials. Some people like a smidgin with their bacon, or reach for the jam pot when they help themselves to sausage. Lots think highly of a jelly omelet — and lots more will when they try it. As a topper-offer, nothing beats a nibble of toast and jam. Unless it's jam with hot muffins, fresh scones or toasted rolls; there's a few more well-matched pairs!

Lunch

High noon is another high time for jam or jelly. So here are a few simple tricks to pull out of your sleeve: Tuck a spoonful in the centre of rice and meat croquettes or patties when you're shaping them; blend a little with the mayonnaise for your fruit salad; spread thin fresh pancakes with apple jelly or raspberry jam, roll up and serve with lemon sauce. Try cottage cheese, crisp biscuits and cherry jam as a dessert trio. Jam on hot biscuits — another good bet.

Time For Tea

A few ideas for that "bite of something" to serve with your cup of tea; sugar-topped jelly roll with colorful swirls in each slice; finger rolls split and toasted, spread first with cream cheese, then with marmalade or peach jam; tiny sandwiches — plain, rolled or pin-wheel — with minced veal and currant jelly filling; little tart shells full of strawberry jam; double-decker cookies with the cut-out in the top one holding a luscious spoonful.

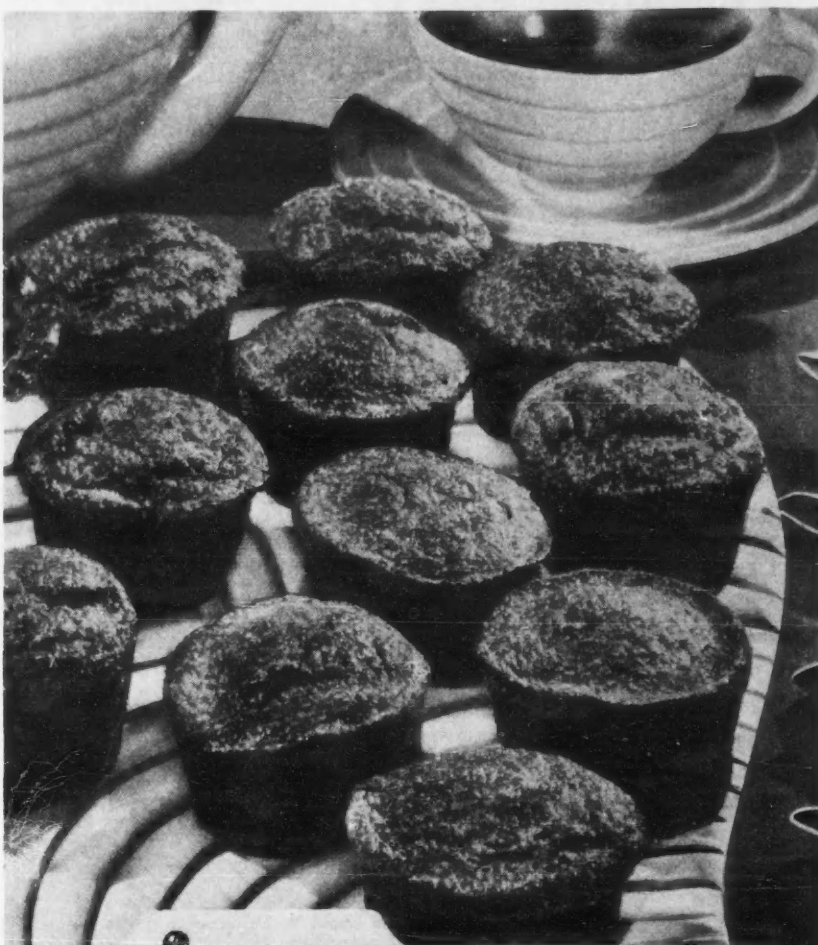
Dinner

Lamb demands its mint jelly, your Sunday chicken its apple or currant and other meats their harmonizing accompaniment. Try a meat loaf with a jelly glaze (recipe on page 43). Or hamburgers with a sour-sweet gravy made by adding crushed jelly and a little vinegar to the drippings in the pan. For something special in the way of carrots or parsnips, turn them, after cooking, into a melted jelly and butter mixture and simmer carefully for five minutes or so. For simple desserts in the four-star class, try a jam roly-poly, bread pudding spread with jam and topped with meringue, creamy rice and jam to go with it, that red-capped cereal custard on page 42 or a light steamed pudding with a jelly sauce.

Parties

High lights for a children's party: steamed brown bread sandwiches, one slice spread with cottage cheese and the other with peach or pineapple jam; ice cream with a bright jam or jelly garnish or ice cream flavored and sweetened by this addition; jam-stuffed baked apples or apples cooked in syrup in which jelly is dissolved; a cake with a jam filling or topped with swirls of jelly icing. ■

Quick! Easy! Double Delicious!



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN PRUNE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening	¾ cup milk
¼ cup sugar	1 cup flour
1 egg	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran	2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup chopped prunes	

Soak prunes in water for one hour, drain, remove pits and cut into small pieces. Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture along with prunes and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 8 muffins (3 inches in diameter).

You'll love these ALL-BRAN muffins...the distinctive texture, the better flavor... that cannot be achieved with just ordinary bran. You'll cheer, too, for the way the regular use of ALL-BRAN keeps you free from the common type of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it.

Keeps You
Regular ...



...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages: restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Serve by Saving! Buy War Savings Certificates"



MEALS OF THE MONTH

THIRTY-ONE MENUS FOR JANUARY

1 BREAKFAST

(New Year's Day)
Chilled Tomato Juice
Omelet

Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

2

Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Brown Toast Honey Tea

3

Cold Tomatoes
Cereal
Broiled Sausage Cakes
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

4

(Sunday)
Cereal with Raisins
Bran Muffins
Coffee Conserve Tea

5

Apple Sauce
Poached Eggs
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

6

Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Toasted Biscuits Honey Tea

7

Muffins Cereal Honey Tea

8

Prunes with Lemon
Bacon Marmalade
Coffee Toast Tea

9

Tomato Juice
Cereal
Coffee Cake Jam Tea

10

Cereal with Chopped Raisins
Pancakes and Syrup
Coffee Tea

11

(Sunday)
Pineapple Juice
Scrambled Eggs
Toast Coffee Conserve Tea

12

Apple Juice
Cereal
Bacon Coffee Toast Tea

13

Baked Apples
Cereal
Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea

14

Tomato Juice
Codfish Cakes
Coffee Toast Tea

15

Cold Canned Tomatoes
Cereal
Muffins Coffee Honey Tea

16

Stewed Prunes
French Toast Syrup Tea

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream of Corn and Carrot
Soup
Red Cabbage Slaw
Hot Finger Rolls
Pineapple Ice Cream
Tea Small Cakes Coffee

Onion Soup Crackers

Head Lettuce
Thousand Island Dressing
Toasted Rolls (left-over)
Canned Peaches Cookies Cocoa

Jellied Chicken Salad

with Egg and Celery Garnish
Brown Bread and Butter
Mocha Spice Cake
Hot Chocolate Drink

Cheese Toast and Bacon

Mixed Pickles
Fresh Apple Sauce
Tea Spice Cake Cocoa

Canned Lobster Salad

Hot Biscuits
Canned Plums Cookies Cocoa

Baked Stuffed Onion

Celery Sauce
Canned Cherries
Tea Jelly Roll Cocoa

Sausages

Fried Apples
Canned Blueberries
Tea Drop Cookies Cocoa

Creamed Corn and Wieners

Lettuce Salad
Fresh Fruit Cup
Tea Cake or Cookies Cocoa

Casserole of Lima Beans

with Pimientos and Cheese
Sauce
Brown Bread or Rolls
Tea Baked Apples with Cream Cocoa

Vegetable Soup

Cold Meat Loaf
Pickles
Pan-fried Potatoes
Tea Sliced Bananas Cocoa

Creamed Seafood

on Toast Triangles
Crisp Potato Chips
Tea Diced Fruits in Lime Jelly Cocoa

Casserole of Rice and

Tomatoes with Left-over
Duck
Toasted Nut Bread Jam Tea

Baked Beans

Brown Bread
Chili Sauce or Mixed Pickles
Tea Canned Peach and Nut Salad Cocoa

Cold Roast Lamb

Pan-fried Potatoes
Relish Celery
Tea Peach Tapioca (use juice from Tuesday) Cocoa

Cream of Mushroom Soup

Biscuits
Jellied Lettuce Salad
Tea Stewed Apples Iced Cake (use left-over chocolate pudding) Cocoa

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Dill Pickles
Banana Rennet Custard
Tea Macaroons Cocoa

DINNER

Hot Consommé
Roast Chicken
Creamy Mashed Potatoes
Fried Parsnips
Cranberry Relish
Coffee Hot Mince Pie Tea

Casserole of Haddock

and Potatoes
Spinach Molds with Lemon
Coffee Apple Crisp Tea

Brisket with

Onion Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Glazed Carrots
Creamy Rice Mold
Coffee Maple Sauce Tea

Roast of Veal

Browned Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Caramel Blancmange
Coffee with Chopped Nuts Tea

Mushroom Soup

Cold Sliced Veal
Buttered Noodles
Scalloped Tomatoes
Coffee Bread Pudding Tea

Lamb Stew with Vegetables

Cabbage and Pimiento Salad
Lime Apple Whip
Coffee Walers Tea

Liver and Onions

Macaroni with Tomatoes
Green Beans
Coffee Spanish Cream Tea

Hot Meat Loaf

Brown Gravy
Baked Potatoes
Cup Cakes Mashed Turnips
Coffee Cherry Sauce Tea

Baked Fillets of White

Fish with Top Dressing
Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Canned Asparagus
Coffee Steamed Pudding with Sauce Tea

Pork Hocks

Parsley Potatoes
Sauerkraut
Baked Coconut Custard
Coffee Tea

Roast Duck with Dressing

Molds of Jellied Apple Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Braised Celery
Coffee Cranberry Tart Pie Tea

Oven-cooked Steak

Brown Gravy
Boiled Potatoes
Johnny Cake Maple Syrup
Coffee Tea

Roast of Lamb

Pickled Crabapples
Franconia Potatoes
Shredded Cabbage
Fruit Ice Cream Cookies
Coffee Tea

Scotch Broth

Vegetable Plate
(Scalloped Potatoes, Spinach,
Slivered Carrots, Parsnips)
Baked Chocolate Pudding
Coffee Marshmallow Sauce Tea

Shoulder Lamb Chops

Mint Jelly
Mashed Potatoes
Green Beans
Chilled Lemon Pudding
Coffee Tea

Smoked Fillet of Haddock

French Fried Potatoes
Cole Slaw
Cherry Cobbler
Coffee Tea

BREAKFAST

17 Sliced Bananas with Lemon
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

18

(Sunday)
Apple Juice
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea

Oranges

Bread and Milk
Bran Gems Jelly Tea

Cereal with Raisins

Scones
Coffee Jam Tea

Cold Canned Tomatoes

Cereal
Toast Coffee Conserve Tea

Baked Apples

Scrambled Eggs with Tomato
Toast Coffee Tea

Potato Croquettes

Parsley Sauce
Stewed Prunes
Tea Jelly Roll Cocoa

Apple Juice

Cereal
Graham Muffins
Coffee Apple Butter Tea

(Sunday)

Cranberry Juice
Waffles or Pancakes
Coffee with Syrup Toast Tea

Bananas

Cereal
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

Grape Juice

Grilled Small Sausages
Marmalade Tea

Apple Sauce

Cereal
Griddle Cakes
Coffee Syrup Tea

Stewed Prunes

Cereal
Toast Coffee Honey Tea

Cold Canned Tomatoes

Grilled Smoked Herring
Coffee Toast Tea

Coddled Apples

Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Fresh Bologna
Mustard Pickles
Potato and Onion Salad
Canned Berries Cookies
Tea Cocoa

Lobster and Potato Chowder

Soda Biscuits
Fresh Fruit Salad
Plain Sponge Cake
Tea Cocoa

Macaroni and Cheese

Head Lettuce
Baked Apple
Tea Gingerbread Cocoa

Ham Omelet

Brown Toast
Canned Plums
Tea Oatmeal Cookies Cocoa

Creamed Finnan Haddie

Celery Curls
Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream
Tea Cocoa

Mulligatawny Soup

Cabbage and Nut Salad
Crackers Cheese
Tea Cocoa

Potato Croquettes

Parsley Sauce
Stewed Prunes
Tea Jelly Roll Cocoa

Creamed Whitefish

and Pimiento on Toast
Canned Pineapple Cake
Tea Cocoa

Assorted Sandwiches

Relishes
Cup Cake Chocolate Sauce
Tea Cocoa

Cream of Tomato Soup

Sardine Salad
Tea Apple Crisp Cocoa

Casserole of Vegetables

Cheese Muffins
Fruit Cup Wafers
Tea Cocoa

Cold Meat

Mustard Pickles
Baked Potatoes
Tea Canned Peas Filled Cookies Cocoa

Spinach and Poached Eggs

Bran Muffins Jam
Tea Cream Cheese Cocoa

Vegetable Salad

Brown Rolls
Pineapple and Nut Salad
Tea Cocoa

Cold Meat Loaf

Grated Carrot and Lettuce
Salad
Chocolate Cup Cakes
Tea with Whipped Cream Cocoa

DINNER

Hamburger Cakes
Wrapped in Bacon
Baked Potatoes Squash
Coffee Apple Pie Tea

Hot Baked Picnic Ham

Jellied Horseradish
Creamed Potatoes Beets
Pineapple Bavarian Cream
Coffee Tea

Clear Tomato Soup

Cold Sliced Ham
Potato Cakes Green Peas
Coffee Fruit Trifle Tea

Roast of Beef

Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Coffee Cranberry Shortcake Tea

Cold Roast Beef

Baked Potatoes Turnips
Carrot Pudding
Coffee Caramel Sauce Tea

Fricassee of Veal

Boiled Potatoes Carrots
Baked Indian Pudding
Coffee Lemon Sauce Tea

Steamed Whitefish

Tartare Sauce
Savory Rice Spinach
Coffee Gingerbread Upside-Down
Cake Tea

Stewed Chicken with

Dumplings
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Coffee Prune Whip Tea

Mixed Grill

Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Canned Asparagus
Coffee Lemon Meringue Tarts Tea

Fried Liver

Creamed Potatoes Beets
Trifle with Whipped Cream
Coffee Tea

Mock Duck

Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage
Cottage Pudding
Coffee Brown Sugar Sauce Tea

Consommé

Baked Haddock
Lyonnais Potatoes
Tea Scalloped Tomatoes Blanquette with Currant Jelly Tea

Beef and Liver Loaf

Riced Potatoes
Parsnips
Tea Baked Cranberry Pudding

Cream of Celery Soup

Noodle Ring and Creamed
Codfish
Boiled Red Cabbage
Tea String Beans Steamed Pudding Cream Sauce

Lamb Stew

Boiled Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Coffee Steamed Rice Maple Syrup Tea

NUTRITION NOTE:—For a fine source of Vitamin C you can't beat tomatoes turned out of the can and served cold. **ECONOMY NOTES:**—Boil potatoes in their jackets. Leave the skin on apples for apple sauce. Cook vegetables in a small quantity of water—and save what's left for sauces, soups and gravies. **COOKERY NOTE:**—Add chopped cucumber pickle to mayonnaise and you get a good Tartar Sauce—nice with fish, cauliflower or asparagus.

WEDNESDAY

Apple Mountain—For this glorified version of apple sauce, line an earthenware or ovenproof glass baking dish with a good spreading of butter. Into the butter press a layer of light brown sugar, completely covering the butter. Fill the dish with lightly sweetened, thick apple sauce or stewed drained apples, packing it quite firm. Bake for half an hour in a slow to moderate oven. When done, turn out upside down and serve cold garnished with whipped cream.

Recipe from Carolin Denholm, Victoria, B.C., and given Honorable Mention in our Apple Contest. Miss Denholm likes Kings or Greenings for this dish. In the spring she thinks Yellow Transparent cannot be beaten.

THURSDAY

Squash and Apples With Sausages—Here's an inexpensive dish for tonight's supper. To make it, prepare and cut in thin slices 2 pounds of squash and 3 large tart apples. Arrange them in alternate layers in a greased casserole, seasoning each layer with a little brown sugar and bits of butter and a sprinkling of salt. Cover the top with buttered bread crumbs (1 cupful) mixed with 1 teaspoonful of poultry dressing. Then bake in a moderate oven 350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—until done. Arrange freshly cooked sausages over the top of the dish, garnish with parsley and serve piping hot.

Recipe from Mrs. John Cowie-Mabon, Unionville, Ont., and a prize-winner in our Apple Contest.

A nice variation of the dish is to cook and mash the squash, then arrange with the other ingredients in the same way. If desired, the sausages could be omitted and the dish served as an accompaniment to other meats.

FRIDAY

Apple Cheese Cake—This headliner for dessert is a variation of Dutch Apple Cake. To make it, sift together 2 cupfuls of flour, 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Cut in 6 tablespoonfuls of shortening, using two knives or a pastry blender. When the mixture is crumbly, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of water. Turn the dough onto a lightly floured board and with floured hands pat the dough and knead a few seconds until smooth. Spread into a well-greased pan, 9 inch x 9 inch, sprinkle the top with about $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of grated cheese. Arrange apple slices in neat, overlapping rows over the top and sprinkle with $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of brown sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of cinnamon. Dot the top with bits of butter and bake about 1 hour in a moderate oven until the apples are tender.

Recipe from Mrs. Thorn, Toronto. Honorable Mention in our Apple Contest.

SATURDAY

Alexander Tea Cakes—Try these little specials for afternoon tea or as a simple dessert accompaniment. Cream together $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of shortening and 1 cupful of sugar, then add a well-beaten egg, a pinch of salt and a little vanilla. Sift $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour with 1 teaspoonful of soda and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Combine the two mixtures, adding 1 cupful of drained apple sauce and from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cupful of chopped nuts if desired. Pour the mixture into greased muffin tins or small paper cups and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. If you like, ice the tops when cool, with a simple butter frosting.

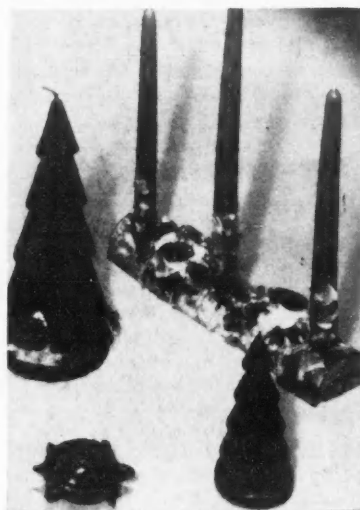
Recipe from Elizabeth McCormick, Ormstown, Quebec, and one of the Honorable Mentions in our Apple Contest. ■

Glazed Beef Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of ground round steak
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of beef liver, ground
- 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of onion juice or grated onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- Dash of nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of dried bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of jelly

Combine the ground steak and liver, add all ingredients, except jelly, and mix thoroughly. Shape, place on a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for thirty to thirty-five minutes. Ten minutes before removing from the oven, pour the jelly—melted or finely crushed, and mixed with a little hot water—over the top of the loaf. Baste with the drippings in the pan. Six to eight servings.



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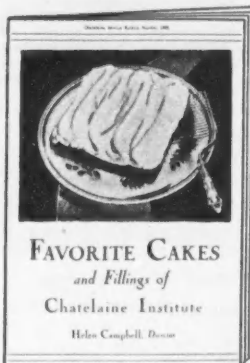
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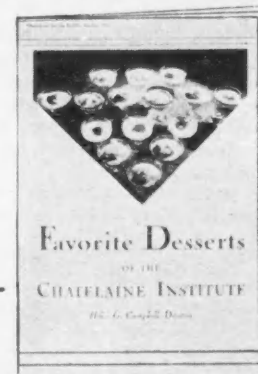
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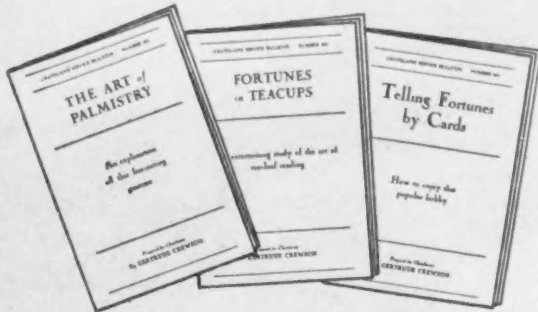
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What to do about the equipment, prizes, refreshment, everything which goes to make a bridge party a success is set forth in this handy little booklet. The Director of the Chatelaine Institute has assembled some really intriguing menus and recipes for Bridge Teas, High Tea Bridge, Dinner Bridge, Evening Bridge, Breakfast Bridge and Luncheon Bridge, and you will want to try out these new ideas in bridge party entertaining.

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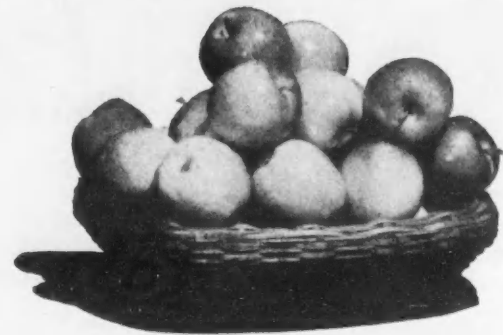
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An Apple a Day

SUNDAY

Apple Muffins—Cream together 4 tablespoonfuls of shortening and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar, then add an egg and mix smoothly. Sift $2\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls of all-purpose flour with $3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of double acting baking powder and a little salt. Measure 1 cupful of milk and add it alternately with the flour to the first mixture. Now add 1 cupful of finely chopped apples, mix and pour the batter into greased muffin tins, having them two thirds full. Sprinkle the top with a mixture of 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cinnamon. Pop into a hot oven, and in 20 to 25 minutes there'll be a treat for your leisurely Sunday breakfast. Prize-winning recipe in our Apple Contest, sent in by Miss Drucilla Deeks, Vernon, B.C.

MONDAY

Apple Amber—Weigh 2 lb. of your favorite cooking apples, then peel, core and cut them into small pieces. Cook gently with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of butter and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Beat well until smooth, then when slightly cooled, add 2 beaten egg yolks and pour into a deep pie dish. Whip the egg white until stiff and "peaky," then add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and give another whirl to your beater. Pile on top of the apples in your dish, leaving the surface rough and swirly. Set in a moderate oven to reheat the apples and suntan the meringue. Recipe from Miss Hazel Biggs, Webster's Corners, B.C. Honorable Mention in our Apple Contest.

TUESDAY

Apple Delight—To make this easy and delicious dessert, mix 2 cupfuls of flour with $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, then cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of shortening, using two knives criss-cross. Add 1 cupful of milk mixed with a slightly beaten egg. Drop spoonfuls of this batter into 12 large well-greased muffin tins, filling them about half full. Now peel 6 firm juicy apples, cut in half crosswise and core. Put halves on top of the batter, cut side down, and fill the little hollows with sugar. Bake in a hot oven for about 25 minutes, then serve warm with a spoonful of whipped cream atop each neat little mound.

Recipe from Mrs. Speake, London, Ont. Similar recipe received from Mrs. Shell, Sault Ste. Marie, who adds $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of sugar to her batter.

Jam Dandies

Red Caps

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cream of wheat
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg yolks
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of butter
- 2 Egg whites
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of jam—currant, raspberry, cherry, strawberry

Scald the milk, then combine the cereal, sugar and salt and stir carefully into it. Cook for about five minutes, stirring constantly until the mixture is smooth and thick. Remove from the heat and stir in the beaten egg yolks and butter. Place a spoonful of jam in the bottom of individual greased molds, then fill with the cooked mixture. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350-375 deg. Fahr.—for about half an hour. Serve with cream. Six to eight servings.

Jamborees

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg yolk, beaten
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Egg white
- Shredded cocoanut

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar and continue to cream until well blended. Add the beaten egg yolk and mix well. Add the flour and salt which have been sifted together, and combine thoroughly. Shape into small balls, dip in the egg white, then roll in the shredded cocoanut. Place on a greased baking sheet and make a depression in the top of each with the end of a wooden spoon. Bake in a moderate oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for about twenty minutes. When cool, fill the depression with jam or jelly. Makes about three dozen.

Attention! Air Cadets!

Read Your Own
Magazine!



CANADIAN boys today find themselves part of a fast-moving age that is crammed with spectacular engineering successes. In the van of scientific achievement they find the marvel of flight. Many have already observed and studied, built model planes and trained themselves in aeronautics.

Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., D.F.C. in the first issue of the new magazine "THE CANADIAN AIR CADET" said, "To my mind, in this vital crisis through which we are struggling, no effort is more important than the development of our Air Cadet League."

Boys who belong to the Air Cadet League in all parts of Canada are busy training, studying and learning to fly, and now headquarters of The Air Cadet League of Canada is publishing its own monthly magazine for boys, particularly boys who are already Air Cadets.

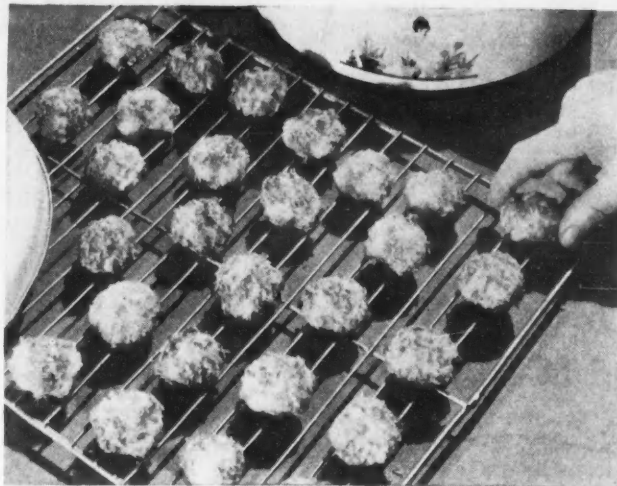
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Butter Tabs—a delicate cookie with a tempting flavor.

The Winner!

FIRST PRIZE in our Cereal Cookie Contest goes to Mrs. A. L. Byers, of Edmonton. The recipe which earned her a Five Dollar War Savings Certificate is for Butter Tabs—a light delicate cookie with a crunchy corn flake crust and a tempting flavor.

You'll like these—see if you don't.

One nice thing about them—besides their novelty, tender texture and good looks—is the fact that they can be partly prepared beforehand. They're good with a plain dessert or as an afternoon tea accompaniment. Mrs. Byers says about them: "I use these cookies very often at teas. They are certainly very attractive looking when nicely browned and topped off with a bit of bright red cherry."

Ten more recipes won War Saving Stamps for our readers and these—the recipes, I mean—will be given later in Chatelaine with the names of contributors.

Butter Tabs

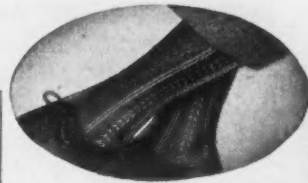
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of butter
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg, separated
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of ½ lemon
- Grated rind of ½ orange
- 1 Cupful of flour
- ½ Cupful of finely crushed corn flakes

Cream the butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add the yolk of the egg and all flavoring. Beat well. Add the flour and beat until very light. Cover and place in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Shape into small balls and dip in the slightly beaten egg white, then roll in crushed corn flakes. Place on a greased cookie sheet one inch apart and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for half an hour. A bit of cherry may be pressed on top of each cookie before baking, if desired. ■



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EACH time I re-read this recipe, I feel the urge to make another of these cakes right away. They are surely a great reward for the little time and effort required to make and bake them.

Chocolate Sour Milk Nut Cake (Serves 8):

5 tablespoons Fry's Cocoa, 1 cup granulated sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter or shortening, 2 cups flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon baking soda.

Mix cocoa, sugar and melted butter. Sift the flour with the dry ingredients. Add to first mixture alternately with one cup of sour milk to which the soda, dissolved in a little water, has been added. Lastly add the almond extract. Line bottom of cake tin with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut meats, 2 tablespoons butter cut in small pieces; pour on top the cake batter and bake. Temp. 350 degrees. Time 30 minutes.

I'm sure you'll have great success with this week's recipe. Write for a free copy of the latest, beautifully illustrated Fry Recipe Booklet, "Chocolate Around the Clock." It contains many interesting recipes for making desserts and beverages with chocolate. Address: Jehane Patenaude, Fry-Cadbury Ltd., Dept. D, Montreal.

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PRIZE Apple Recipes

WE PROMISED you more of the prize winning recipes in *Chatelaine's* Apple Contest. Here are five of them—the main dish which came tops, three desserts and a stuffing for your pork tenderloin.

You'll find some more good ones on page 42.

Sausage Casserole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 8 Pork sausages
- 6 Apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Pint of stewed tomatoes

Boil the sausages five minutes and drain. Peel and core the apples. Place sausages in the bottom of a casserole, add the apples, fill with brown sugar and pour the tomatoes, which have been seasoned and cooked until thick, over them. Cook in a moderately hot oven for forty-five minutes at a temperature of 375 deg. Fahr. Six servings.

—From Mrs. W. Redshaw, Winnipeg.

Oatmeal Apple Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Medium-sized apples
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Cupful of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of rolled oats
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Pare, core and slice the apples in eighths. Arrange in a well-greased two-quart baking dish. Sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon.

Cream the butter, add the brown sugar gradually and continue creaming until well blended. Add the well-beaten egg and beat well. Add milk alternately with the rolled oats and the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt. Add vanilla and mix. Pour over the apples and bake in a moderate oven — 350 deg. Fahr. — for about forty-five minutes. Serve warm with whipped or plain cream. Six to eight servings.

—From Mrs. J. Scott Macdonald, Ottawa.

Apple Snowballs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of rice
- Milk
- 3 Apples, peeled and cored
- Brown sugar
- Cloves

Cook the rice in the milk until nearly done. Drain. Pare and core the apples and fill the centres with brown sugar. Stick with one or two cloves. Cover each apple with a coating of rice about a quarter inch thick and tie in a small piece of cheesecloth. Boil or steam until the apples are tender. Remove the cheesecloth and serve hot with brown sugar and cream or custard sauce. Three servings.

—Mrs. A. Gayford, Toronto.

National Velvet Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of cream cheese
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of mild molasses
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful each of salt, soda, baking powder, ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of hot water

Filling

- 10 Large apples
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of water

Make the filling by cooking the apples, sugar, water and butter together. Cream the butter and cheese together, then add the sugar and beaten egg and blend thoroughly. Add the molasses and mix well. Sift the flour and other dry ingredients together, then add to the mixture. Add the hot water. Beat well. Pour three quarters of the batter into a greased baking dish about ten inches by four inches. Add the filling and remaining batter. Bake in a moderate oven — 350 deg. Fahr. — for thirty to forty minutes. Serve with custard sauce. Eight to ten servings.

—From Miss Annette LePoidevin, Montreal.

Apple Stuffing

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Large apples, quartered and cored
- 5 Slices of bread, dried in oven
- 1 Onion, medium
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter, melted
- 1 Tablespoonful of sage
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of pepper

Put the first three ingredients through the food chopper. Add the melted butter and seasonings and mix well. Makes about two to three cupfuls.

—From Mrs. F. McArthur, Trail, B.C.

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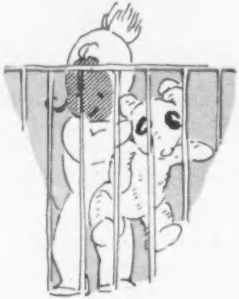
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his ears or nose, and none of them should have sharp edges.

If you provide him with a sand box, a safe swing and a teeter-totter or slide, the backyard, even though it is fenced in all around, will provide a great deal of



A playpen is excellent for a baby—until he learns to climb out of it.

splendid exercise and amusement. It is, of course, much safer to have the yard completely enclosed. As soon as he is able to handle them, it is fine to get a small saw, hammer and nails for your youngster. Get real tools, not toy ones, which are hopeless even when wielded by adults. Preschool children often are surprisingly clever at making boats, airplanes and other simple articles out of wood. Plasticine, clay, glitter wax, clothespins, old spools and string, blunt-pointed scissors, old magazines for cutting up, colored paper, chalk, a simple easel or a light board on which large sheets of wrapping or shelf paper can be pinned for painting on, small bottles of poster paints (water colors) and a small cheap brush which you can buy at any hardware store, will be much enjoyed. Unless it is really necessary for training purposes, do not interrupt your child when he is absorbed actively with his playthings, because this encourages him to concentrate. If your child runs away, you can be sure it is because you haven't provided enough interesting occupations for him.

Up to two years, children are little interested in other youngsters of their own age, but on the other hand you shouldn't give them too much adult company. After two, they should have some playmates of their own age. It

is worth your while to provide them, even though you have to mind your neighbor's youngsters as well as your own. Make your minding as unobtrusive as possible, but once in a while you will have to interfere in the interests of fair play or safety. One of our main aims is to teach them how to get along happily with other people. Learning to play with other children is a good start in this direction.

No prescriptions or feeding formulae can be given by mail, but Dr. Robertson would be glad to advise you on the care of your child. Write to her in care of The Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine.

Question—My baby is 13 months old, weighs about 27 lb., is healthy and started walking when she was 12 months old, but has no teeth... Is there anything I can do to make her teeth grow? Mrs. H. S., Ardmore, Alta.

Answer—Very occasionally perfectly normal children do not get their teeth until about the age of 13 months. We would advise you, however, to give the child regularly two teaspoonfuls of a reliable brand of cod liver oil, or 10 drops of percomorph liver oil, during the eight colder months of the year. If you have a physician who is in charge of the feeding of your child, you should consult him regarding giving her additional food. If such advice is not available, we would suggest that you read the article published in the October, 1941, issue of *Chatelaine*. Your child should have other vegetables in addition to potatoes, and she should also have eggs or scraped beef more frequently.



Don't interrupt your child when he is absorbed with his playthings—this encourages him to concentrate.



Outdoor Airings in Winter

BABIES BORN in the wintertime should not be given outdoor airings until they are six weeks of age. The first one should be for fifteen minutes only, but the time should be increased every day until he is out for approximately two hours in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. In Ontario, Quebec and Eastern Canada, it is best not to put babies under six months of age outdoors when it is below fifteen degrees Fahr., because of our rather damp climate. On such days the child should be dressed as for out-of-doors, put in his cot, well covered up and the room aired by opening the window wide.

With older babies, especially in Western Canada where the winters are cold but the climate is dry, it is permissible to put them outside on colder days. The real test of whether such

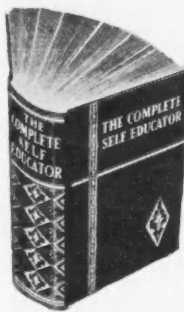
airings are wise is the way the baby reacts to the cold. If his cheeks stay rosy and hands and feet warm, it is doing him good. If his face becomes pale and blue and his hands and feet cold, you should keep him indoors. On very windy or stormy days he should not be put out. Whenever there is a breeze, place his carriage in the most sheltered place possible and put the hood up. On bright days, it is many degrees warmer in the direct sun than in the shade. Therefore, on cold days the sun will help to keep him warm. Rub a little cold cream on his face before you put him out, to prevent chapping. Don't put a veil over his face, partly because it keeps the sun off him, and partly because it soon becomes uncomfortably damp from the moisture in his breath. ■

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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



SKETCHES BY
LAURA GIBSON

TRAINING PRESCHOOL CHILDREN

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

AS SOON AS possible you should teach your youngster to wash himself—and it is usually sooner than you would think possible. It takes longer at first to teach him how to do it than to do the job yourself, but it is better for the child. If you wish, you can buy a small enamelware basin to put on a low firm chair for the child to use, or you can get a steady footstool which will make the child tall enough to use the family hand basin. His towel, washrag, soap, toothbrush, brush and comb should be within easy reach. Mark them so that he can recognize his own and help himself. If you warn him that the longer he takes, the shorter time he will have for playing, he will usually be fairly prompt. Let him do as much as he can for himself in his bath, but for some time he will need considerable help

six months until he learns to climb out of it. He can get a lot of exercise creeping about and hauling himself up in it. Besides he is safe, and an occasional glance is about all the attention he needs, at least for a good deal of the time. It trains him also to amuse himself. After he is about a year old, he should play in his pen both in the morning and the afternoon.

When it comes to buying toys, there are several points that we should keep in mind. They should be sturdy, easy to keep clean and interesting to the child. If they are too simple or too complicated, they won't be much used. Toys which make the child do something are excellent, and if they can be used in a variety of ways, so much the better.

When your toddler gets too big for a pen, try to give him a room to himself. A gate across the door will keep him in. His furniture should be the kind that he can't hurt and that can't hurt him. A few homemade shelves close to the floor are good for keeping toys on, or else some bushel baskets painted with lead-free paint (such as white interior enamel.) He should be taught to keep his toys tidy and helped to some extent with this when advisable. He also needs a low table and chair, some really good pictures and some sturdy picture books. These youngsters are hard on books, so they shouldn't be expensive ones.

When a child is promoted from a pen to a whole room, he is naturally delighted with his new freedom. A child of this age enjoys pulling toys on wheels, such as carts; he likes blocks, especially if they are big but still light in weight; also dolls, unbreakable doll's dishes, colored discs that fit over large pegs, and peg boards. None of his toys should be small enough to shove into



Youngsters are hard on books,
so they shouldn't be expensive ones.

there. Simple clothes with the fewest fastenings and buttons will help him to learn how to dress.

Children play naturally—do we parents need to help them here too? With young babies, say up to three months of age, we certainly shouldn't interfere. They should not be actively amused—all sorts of exciting things are happening to them anyway. They shouldn't be dandled, carted about unnecessarily or played with to any extent. The first playthings that a child discovers are his own hands and feet. A little later on, when he has learned how to grasp objects, he will enjoy rattles, rings, and rubber dolls especially if they squeak. If you tie these on, they can be kept clean. See also that the "squeaks" are in tightly, so that there is no chance of baby swallowing them.

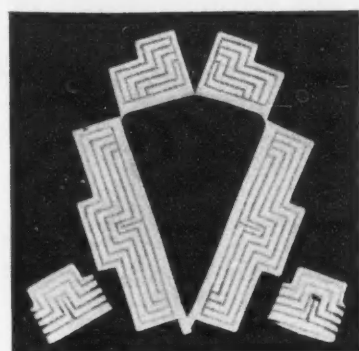
A playpen is excellent for a baby from



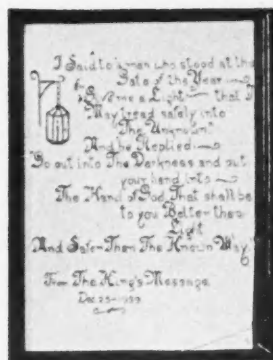
He'll like blocks, especially if they're big, yet light in weight.



C874—Luncheon set for baby. A cute design in cross-stitch silhouette, to interest little folk. Stamped on soft twill, with binding, 35 cents the set; cottons for working, 7 cents.



C876—Collar and cuffs. Very distinctive and quickly worked in straight line cross-stitch. If you do not wear cuffs, these make a nice additional pair of revers. Stamped on white or cream Irish linen—50 cents the set; cotton for working, in color desired, 10 cents.



C737—The King's Message—a token of an epic time in our history. You will want to work this sampler not only for its artistic beauty, but as something really worth while that can be handed down to your children. Stamped on cream sampler linen, size 12 x 15 inches, it is priced at 50 cents and cottons for working come to 10 cents.

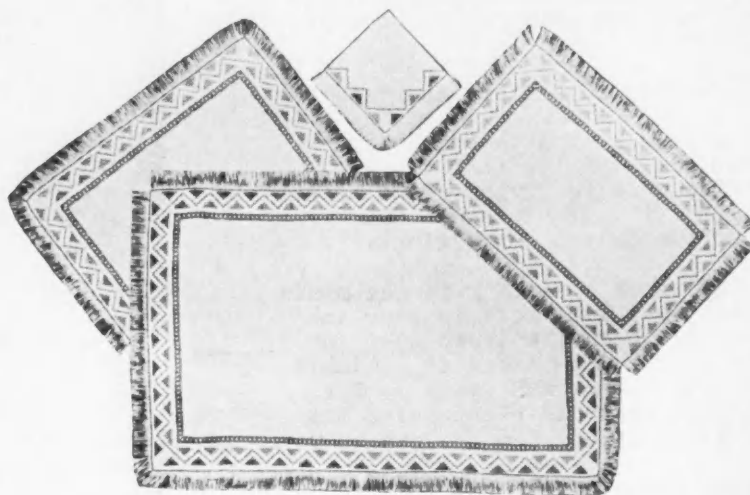


HANDICRAFTS

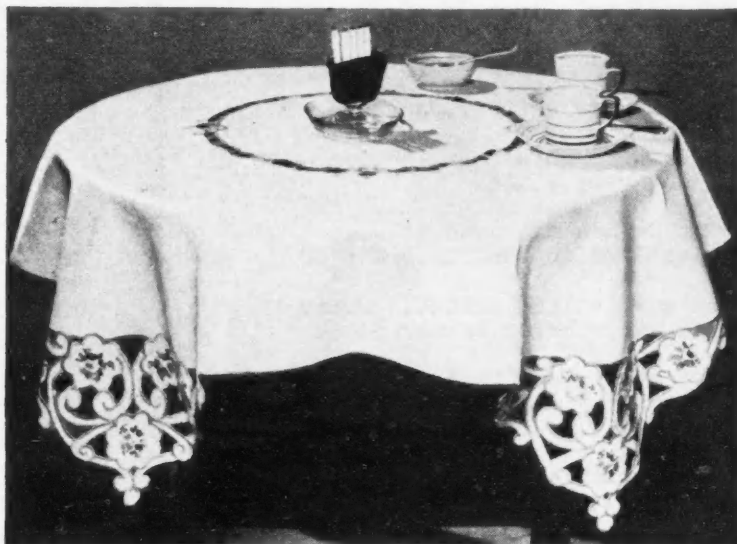
By MARIE LE CERF

New Ideas and Some Favorites from Previous Issues

These are Chatelaine patterns, Handicraft series. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque, add 15 cents for bank exchange. All prices include regular postage. Special postage must be added.



C883—Bulgarian mats. Particularly effective stamped on yellow Irish linen, but can also be supplied in white, cream or green linen—for luncheon sets, buffet sets, trays, tea wagon, occasional tables, etc. Design is in cross-stitch, to be worked in bright Bulgarian colors—blue, green and red. Other combinations of colors, or a single color, may be substituted if preferred. The place mats measure 12 x 18 inches and are priced at 25 cents each; the centre mat is 15 x 21 inches, at 40 cents, and the 12-inch serviettes at 15 cents each. Please be sure to state color of linen and cotton for working. Cottons are priced at 3 skeins for 10 cents, and it takes about 30 cents worth to work a luncheon set of four.

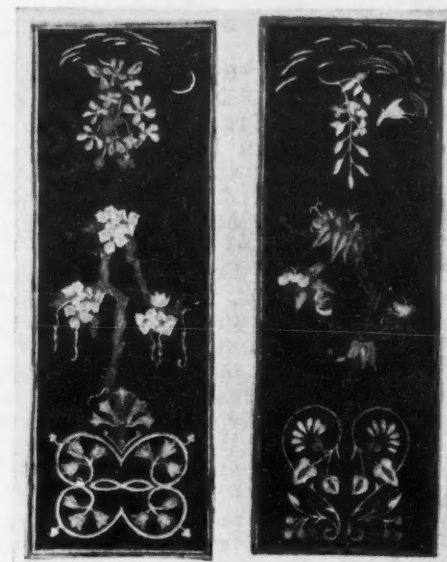


C882—Cutwork luncheon set. Comes in two sizes—36- and 45-inch cloth with four serviettes—a new design, just received from England. There is really very little work on this set, but the effect is both elaborate and lovely. Stamped on heavy cream or white Irish linen, the 36-inch set is priced at \$2.25 and the 45-inch set at \$2.75. It takes about 40 cents worth of cotton to work the set.

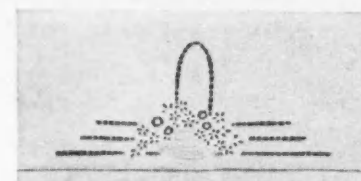
C879—Scotty pals. A cute pair of fire-side cushions that can be quickly worked in single and outline stitch—a happy thought for a man or boy. They are stamped on fine art felt in red, black, brown or wine, or on heavy ecru Irish linen. (Please be sure to state choice.) 14 x 18 inches—90 cents each; cottons for working come to 10 cents. Forms can be supplied at 50 cents each.



C879a—"Sleep Sweetly." Sampler in cross-stitch—ideal for the guest room, but lovely for any bedroom. Stamped on fine cream Irish linen, 12 x 14 inches—50 cents; cottons for working in rose, turquoise blue and jade green, 10 cents.



C710—Persian panels in exotic design and coloring. You will love working these and be simply charmed with them on the wall. Size finished about 7 x 19 inches, they are stamped on black taffeta silk and are sent complete with backing and cottons for working in exquisite shades—\$1.25 per pair.



C872—Pillow cases and towels in graceful cutwork design. Not a great deal of work yet really charming and different. The towels are stamped on finest white Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, at \$1.35 per pair; pillowcases are of finest circular cotton, 36 x 42 inches, at \$1.25 per pair. Cottons for working either pair, 20 cents.



This Month With Our Advertisers

What Is It?

Remember those young people's socials, or club parties, when sections of advertisements were pasted to papers and pinned around the room? You were given a piece of paper and a pencil, and your job was to list the correct names of the advertisers, for a dubious prize.

In those days advertising was more standardized in its presentations. One looked for pretty much the same type of pictures month after month. But these days advertising has become a more potent force; and the columns compete with the best that any editorial office can prepare for your interest.

Advertising is linked so closely to the life of a democratic people that it's mighty interesting to watch the columns and, apart from their news value, see how they reflect the mood of the times.

"This Fateful Year Must be Borne Valiantly"

So, under the heading, "For a Better Year, and a Brighter Year," General Motors presents a powerfully written paragraph. Read it. The very striking illustration for the verse, "O Canada," is richly dramatic and well worth framing. On the next page you'll see that the editor suggests an important job for the homemaker is the translation of the meaning of democracy in your youngster's lives. Here's an important Canadian firm offering you one way of doing it. Our national song was probably never more effectively illustrated. (Inside front cover.)

The Anthem of Liberty

Again you'll find a swinging bit of prose describing "The Song of the Saw," on page 4. Difficult to realize, at first glance, that this is a full-page, two-color advertisement for food? But the vigor of the painting leads directly into the vigor of the copy—and the food which is being brought to your attention. This is an intensely Canadian "Song"—and typical of the way in which advertising is helping to build the morale of a people. There are other examples throughout this issue.

These Midwinter Days

Fifty per cent of the death rate in pneumonia cut in the last three years! Good news, as revealed in the advertisement from Metropolitan Life on page 20. But there's still plenty of care to be taken—and certain precautions everyone should know about. Read their advertisement—send for the booklets on respiratory diseases. Useful for your household file.

Colds? There's specific advice about what to do on page 2. And see how simply the evidence is presented. You don't get any of the old-fashioned extravagant claims in advertising these days. Every statement must be sound, and "provable."

Scoop—Spring on the Way!

On page eighteen is a note on the flowers you can arrange in your home these midwinter days; but the writer is already looking ahead to the indoor forcing of yellow forsythia. In this issue are two ads for spring

planting—the one on page 45 tells of the new 1942 catalogue for garden seeds. (Something to dream over and forget your troubles for a little while.) Another talks about tomato seeds, on page 36.

Browsing Around

Pretty hair-do that two models use in this issue—almost identical, and strangely enough for pretty hands. You'll see it on the beautiful Jergen's girl on page 22, and in the advertisement also for lovely hands on page 27. The style is one which rolls the hair above the forehead and curls it low on the nape of the neck. Trim enough for your working mood—yet

very feminine, and distracting enough for the prettiest girl.

And while we're on fashion, don't overlook two very smart hats in this issue which can give a clever woman ideas. There's one little number that reflects Fifth Avenue, on page 29. If you're smart, you could make this yourself to set off that piece of fur you've been keeping. There's another very tricky little turban on page 17. The use of color banded across the forehead is youthful and flattering.

Movie Star Glamour

It's all there when you see Rita Hayworth's exquisite coloring set against her white satin sumptuousness, on the back cover. You'll find her, too, in the editorial columns, on page 27, demonstrating the right way to manicure your nails.

Do You Agree?

The little "Hustle-Bubble" suds, on page 19, are some of the cutest creations to come from an artist's pen...there's a particular appeal in the picture of men and women in their homes on those sturdy islands of the Outer Hebrides, weaving the tweeds that come from Scotland for our use. A relic of the old cottage crafts, still the backbone of a big industry and a fine tradition (See page 30)...It doesn't seem possible that the Quints are that big! Look at their toothbrush drill on page 24...The little sketches of the kitten on page 34 are funny enough to be real...Wouldn't it be a good idea to serve your family something special in the way of muffins tonight? Study page 41, and good luck!



One of CHATELAINE'S advertisers, Courtaulds "Quality-Control," is co-operating in a novel manner to raise funds for "Wings for Britain." You'll see these Ascot-style scarves, in a smart spun rayon fabric, at leading stores this month. When you purchase them, you'll have the happy knowledge that proceeds from the selling are going to the "Wings for Britain" treasury.

Index to Advertisers, January, 1942

Only worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Arrid Cream	36	D.D.D. Co.	36	Ipana Tooth Paste	31	Ogilvie Oats	46
Bissell Sweeper	34	Dodd's Kidney Pills	38	Jergen's Lotion	22	Oxydol	19
Bristol-Myers Co.	29	Dominion Seed House ..	36-38-45	Junket	44	Palmolive Soap	25
Brownatone	36	Dominion Textile	37	Kellogg's All Bran	41	C. Stillitz	38
Campana's Italian Balm ..	27	Dr. Lyon Tooth Powder ..	26	Listerine	2	Sweet Caporal Cigarettes	35
Campbell's Soup	17	Evan Williams Shampoo	38	Mentholatum	44	Viyella Flannel	22-36
Carter's Little Liver Pills	45	Fry Cocoa	44	Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.	20	Vapo-Cresolene	22
Castoria	3	General Motors of Can-	2nd cover	Musterole	36	Vicks Chemical	46
Circle Bar Hosiery	45	ada Ltd.		Mum	29	Woodbury's Cold Cream	
Colgate's Ribbon Dental		Heinz H. J. Co. of Canada	4	Nostroline	38 4th cover	
Cream	24	Harris Tweed	30			Wabasso Cotton	35
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. ..	21						
Crème Simon	22						

Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine, this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but great care is taken to ensure accuracy.

"Simplicity" PATTERNS

ALBERTA

Banff—Dave White & Sons Ltd.
Blairmore—F. M. Thompson Co.
Bonnyville—Brousseau & Co.
Calgary—Hudson's Bay Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 235-8th Ave.
 Nippon Silks Co., 119-8th Ave. W.
 Ross Block, Hillhurst
 Webb, 214-8th Ave. W.
Camrose—J. A. Young & Co.
Cardston—Model Millinery
Clareholm—Roby's Store
Coronation—Mrs. Eva Wallace
Didbury—Banton's Ltd.
Drumheller—Fulton's Ltd.
Edmonton—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 C. Woodward Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
Gratum—W. B. Rogers
Hanna—Mrs. M. J. Chadbourne
Hardisty—E. H. Ruttan & Son
High River—Matthewson Bros.
Heldburg—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Leithbridge—Reich & Co. Ltd.
MacLeod—Macrae's Ltd.
Magrath—Macrae's Ltd.
Medicine Hat—The T. Eaton Co. Western
 Ltd., Branch Store
New Norway—C. Anderson
Nordest—Big Horn Trading Co.
Ponoka—F. E. Aker
Raymond—Raymond Mercantile Co.
Rocky Mountain House—The Killieco Store
Ryley—E. W. Brown
St. Paul—Brousseau Bros. Ltd.
Stettler—Sharpe & Page
Sundre—J. MacLeod
Taber—Greenwald & Bartram
Telford—H. E. Rogers
Vermilion—Stephens Ltd.
Viking—The Cash Store
Vulcan—F. M. Anderson Co.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Abbotsford—J. S. Daly
Armstrong—E. G. & E. Pigott
Chilliwack—David Spencer Ltd.
Crabbrook—Emmie's Dry Goods
Creston—Creston Mercantile Co. Ltd.
Duncan—H. W. Fox
Kamloops—Hudson's Bay Co.
Kelowna—Ritchie's Dry Goods
Kimberley—The Mark Creek Store
Mission City—The Valley Dept. Store
Nanaimo—A. W. Whittingham
Nelson—Hudson's Bay Co.
New Westminster—W. S. Collister
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Olive—C. D. Collier
Osoyoos—Carlson & White
Penticton—Craig's Department Store
Prince George—Mrs. W. G. McMorris
Prince Rupert—E. M. Earl
Revelstoke—The Revelstoke Coop'v.
 Society
Vancouver—Frost's Dry Goods
 Hudson's Bay Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
McKee's—1400 Kingsway
Osborne—Kerrisdale Dry Goods
David Spencer Ltd.
Silk-O-Lina—730 Granville St.
 The Remnant Store
"The Useful Arts"—4850 McKenzie
 Woodward Stores Ltd.
Vernon—Hudson's Bay Co.
Victoria—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 David Spencer Ltd.

MANITOBA

Altona—Altona Coop. Service Ltd.
Brandon—The Dole Store Ltd.
Carman—R. C. A. Store
Dauphin—People's Store
Deloraine—A. Dalrymple
Elkhorn—G. E. Bartley
Flin Flon—Hudson's Bay Co.
Glenora—Frederickson & Co.
Killarney—R. C. A. Store
Morden—Pitch Bros.
 R. C. A. Store
Morris—Morris R. C. A. Store
Notre Dame de Lourdes—Delagais
Pertuisa—J. J. Prior & Co.
Roblin—Roblin Trading Co.
Roland—Byers & Wagar
Russell—A. Astbury
Saskatoon—R. C. A. Store
Souris—Community Dry Goods Ltd.
Swan Lake—W. F. Hartwell & Sons Ltd.
Swan River—Eli Cox
Winnipeg—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 Hudson's Bay Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Chatham—David Sadler
Dalhousie—Dalhousie 5c to \$1.00 Store
Edmundston—John J. Dalgle
Fredericton—Zellers Ltd.
Grand Falls—H. Koven
Hartland—Hartland United Farmers'
 Coop'v. Ltd.
Moncton—J. D. Creighton Co. Ltd.
Fergusson's Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Saint John—Manchester Robertson All-
 son Ltd.
Zellers Limited
St. Leonard—Mde. Jos. M. Dube
Sussex—The Sussex Mercantile Co. Ltd.
Woodstock—M. V. Estabrook

NOVA SCOTIA

Annapolis Royal—Price & Co.
Berwick—Royal Dept. Store
Bridgetown—Strong & Whitman
Bridgewater—The Royal Store
Dartmouth—Dartmouth 5c to \$1 Store
Digby—The Royal Store
Halifax—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Ltd.
Kentville—Kentville Dry Goods Store
Kingston—Kingston Trading Co. Ltd.
Midleton—The Royal Store
New Glasgow—The Goodman Co.
 Zellers Limited
New Waterford—New Waterford Coop'v.
 Society Ltd.
Oxford—Davis & Swan
Sinclairville—Wilson & Co.
Westville—MacKenzie Bros.
Yarmouth—Yarmouth Royal Store

ONTARIO

Acton—Elliott Bros.
Almonte—Marlett Shop
Arvin—G. R. Whitton
Amherstburg—The Right Store
Arks—Fuller Bros.
Arnprior—Walker Stores Ltd.
Atwood—A. E. Anderson
Aurora—The Aurora General Store
Aylmer—Durkee & Son
Walker Stores Ltd.
Ayr—E. Zehr
Ayton—D. C. Hume
Baden—C. J. Lelskau
Bancroft—M. J. Hase
Barrie—Walker Stores Ltd.

Beamsville—W. G. Panter
Belle River—Mrs. Delina Marenchete
Belleville—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Birch Cliff—Mrs. J. A. Bryant
Blenheim—The Shillington Co. Ltd.
Blyth—Olive McNeil
Bowmanville—Walker Stores Ltd.
Bracebridge—T. J. Anderson
Bradford—The Helen Bantam Store
Brantford—J. & M. Cairns
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 London Silk & Woollens
 J. M. Young & Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Brighton—J. H. Frise
Brockville—Leverette's
Brooklin—A. B. MacDuff & Son
Brussels—F. R. Smith
Burk's Falls—Hunter & Feil
Burlington—H. Hucker
Caledonia—Calrns Stores Ltd.
Campbellford—J. A. Irwin
Cannington—S. M. Sturman
Cardinal—C. M. Jackson
Carleton Place—Walker Stores Ltd.
Chapleau—Chas. W. Collins Stores Ltd.
Chatham—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Chelmsford—R. Vallanceourt
Chesley—Wm. Heilmiller & Son
Clinton—A. T. Cooper
Cobourg—McIntosh Bros.
Cochrane—David's Variety Store
Collingwood—Walker Stores Ltd.
Comber—C. G. Elliott
Coniston—J. S. Jean & Sons
Corwall—Walker Stores Ltd.
Cornwall—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Dashwood—Messrs. Restemeyer & Miller
Delhi—H. Cunningham
Dresden—R. W. Tyrrell
Dundas—L. F. Ashton
Dundas—Grafton & Co. Ltd.
Dungannon—Alton's
Dunnville—W. J. Griffith
Dutton—T. H. Moore
Eganville—E. Bimm
Elmira—A. Winger
Elmvale—R. A. Cooper
Elmwood—John C. Conston
Elera—Kingsway Store
Englehart—Murdock's Dry Goods
Espanola—Goodman & Co.
Essex—E. J. Moore
Essex—Jones & May
Fenwick—Archie Benallik
Fergus—James Russell & Sons
Fleisherton—F. H. N. Hickling
Forest—W. E. Freck
Fort Erie—John Charles
Fort Erie N.—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Fort Frances—The G. H. Ross Co.
Fort Williams—Chapples Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Galt—Walker Stores Ltd.
Gananoque—Stunden's Flower & Gift
 Wright Dry Goods Ltd.
Geraldton—Chapples (Geraldton) Ltd.
Glenora—Hill's Cash Store
Goderich—F. E. Hibbert
 G. W. Schaefer
Grand Bay—Central Store
Grand Valley—Miller's 5c to \$1 Store
Gravenhurst—Robinsons Gents
 Furnishings
Grimby—The White Store
Guilford—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Hagerstown—Walker Stores Ltd.
Hagersville—Calrns Stores Ltd.
Halleybury—Halleybury Variety Shop
Hamilton—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 Grinstead's "Economic"
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 45 King St. E.
 The Right House
W. W. Robinson Co. Ltd.
J. Stewart Dry Goods, 449 Barton St. E.
Zellers Limited
Hanover—E. F. Graft & Co.
Harrow—A. C. Cunningham
Hawkesbury—Julie Macneuve
Hearst—West & Co.
Hensall—Hensall 5c to \$1.00 Store
Hespeler—Smith's 5c to \$1 Store
Huntsville—Wardell & Co.
Ingersoll—W. A. C. Forman
 Walker Stores Ltd.
Iroquois Falls—Abitibi Power & Paper
 Co. Ltd.
Kapuskasing—Northern Services
Kemptville—Anderson & Langstaffe
Kenora—Taylor's Ltd.
Kincardine—MacKenzie Bros.
Kingston—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Kingsville—T. J. Salmon
Kirkland Lake—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Kitchener—H. L. Albrecht
 Canadian Department Stores Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
MacKlin's
Kitchener—Zellers Ltd.
Lakeland—Martin Holland
Leamington—S. Doupe
Lindsay—Fraser Bros., Ltd.
Lion's Head—Greig & Hummel
Listowel—John MacDonald
London—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Metropolltan—Eaton Ltd.
Smallman & Ingram Ltd.
Mrs. S. Warren
R. J. Young & Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Lucknow—Toultson & Co.
Markdale—W. D. Mercer
Markham—G. Linton 5c to \$1 Store
Marmora—F. N. Maret & Co.
Massey—Sadler & Co.
Meaford—Jas. L. Chapman
Midland—The W. D. Ross Store
Midway—W. G. Helwig
Millbrook—Powell & Pendrie
Millton—Walker Stores Ltd.
Milton—J. Brunner & Son
Mitchell—T. S. Ford Co. Ltd.
Merisburg—Mrs. Bertha Stewart
Mount Albert—W. R. Stever
Mount Dennis—Harvey's Dry Goods

Mount Forest—Walker Stores Ltd.
Napanee—McGregor's Store
Neustadt—A. Dencker
Newburgh—Vandervoort Bros.
New Hamburg—O. H. Becker
Newmarket—H. M. Hooker
Niagara Falls—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
C. Wallace & Co.
North Bay—Walker Stores Ltd.
Norwich—J. S. Leitch & Son
Norwood—Earl Hamlin
Oakville—E. P. Lunau
Orillia—Walker Stores Ltd.
Orangeville—F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.
Oshawa—Zellers Limited
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Ottawa—Bryson Graham Co. Ltd.
 Cecil R. Duff, 695 Somerset St.
A. J. Freeman Ltd.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Larocque (Reg'd) Dept. Store
Paris—J. M. Hall
Walker Stores Ltd.
Paisley—W. E. Theaker
Almerton—E. T. Ashmore
Parkhill—J. M. Gibbs
Pembroke—A. J. Freeman Ltd.
 Fayette & Godin
Pontefract—The W. M. Thompson Co. Ltd.
Perth—A. E. Shaw
Peterboro—Miss A. Buchanan
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Uptown Silk Shoppe
Zellers Limited
Petrolia—Feldman's General Store
Pickering—M. S. Chapman
Pictou—E. Fraser Sons Ltd.
Plattsville—The J. B. English Co.
Port Arthur—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Port Colborne—L. E. J. Hopkins
Port Credit—G. Bland
Port Dover—Thomas G. Caley
Port Elgin—Wm. T. Lee & Sons Ltd.
Schwartz-Barber Co.
Port Hope—Palmer's
Port Perry—F. W. Brock & Son
Port Rowan—J. N. Cronk & Sons
Powassan—T. S. Trenouth & Son
Ridgeway—Dell's 5c to \$1.00 Store
Ridgeway—Dell's 5c to \$1.00 Store
Ripley—Geo. F. Emmert
Rockland—Alex. Mattar & Co.
St. Catharines—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Novelty Silk Shop
C. Wallace & Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
St. George—Mrs. W. Turner
St. Jacobs—C. J. Frapp
St. Mary's—A. H. Loft & Co. Ltd.
St. Onge—A. Latremouille
St. Thomas—J. H. Gould Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Sarnia—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
The R. Stretor Co. Ltd.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Sault Ste. Marie—Craig's Dept. Store
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Schomberg—W. L. McGowan
Stearns—Stearns
Selkirk—D. W. Hillborn
Simcoe—Walker Stores Ltd.
Smiths Falls—S. Aboud
Smithville—S. Magder
Smooth Rock Falls—Abitibi Power &
 Paper Co. Ltd.
Southampton—Wm. T. Lee & Sons Ltd.
South River—S. E. McGilr
Stirling—Miss G. Fleming
Stratford—J. J. Crozier & Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Strathroy—Strathroy Woollen Mills Store
Sturgeon Falls—J. W. Robson
St. Mary's—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
A. Silverman & Sons
Tamworth—Hagerty & White
Tara—R. Van Dusen
Tavistock—E. Weitzel
Teumseh—Mrs. E. Demers
Teeswater—Field's Variety Store
Thamesford—George Kew
Thamesville—Hardy & Co.
Thedford—Economy Store
Tilbury—J. Courcy
Tilksburg—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Trout Creek—Trout
Timmins—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Z. J. Ostrowski
Toronto—Armitages, 2454 Danforth Ave.
Rakor's Dry Goods, 2307 Yonge St.
Betty's Dry Goods, 232 Greenwood Ave.
James H. Byers, 569 Danforth Ave.
T. E. Crane, 1038 Bloor Ave.
I. A. Corner, 241 Carlton St.
Mrs. G. G. Daniels, 3280 Danforth Ave.
Dawkins Dry Goods, 857 Broadview
Dixon's Dry Goods, 1232 Danforth Ave.
Dunn's Dry Goods, 1931 Gerrard St. E.
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Yonge St.
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Annex
Grafstein's Silk Store, 278 College St.
Grinstead's New Economic
Th. Grey Shoppe, 330 Kingston Rd.
A. Gotlib, 611 College St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., all stores
Mrs. R. Pearce, 1090 Bathurst St.
People's 5c to \$1 Stores Ltd.
Richardson's Dry Goods
Mrs. E. E. Taylor, 1168 Woodbine Ave.
Mrs. M. Taylor, 400 Danforth Ave.
The Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.
Fots Tuggerly, 3315 Yonge St.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Mrs. M. Walters, 609 Logan Ave.
M. Zabrack Dry Goods Co.
Trenton—Couch Newton Co.
Trout Creek—Trout
Tweed—Kerr & Co.
Unionville—Mrs. A. E. Connell
Uxbridge—F. Browncombe & Co.
Vankleek Hill—A. Poirier
Verner—J. A. Pilon
Wallaenburg—Dean's Dry Goods
Warren—R. Laframboise
Wesford—Leo Leifer
Waterloo—Wettlaufer Bros.
Watford—A. Brown

Welland—The Ross Co. Ltd.
C. Wallace & Co.
Welland—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Wellsville—Wellsville 5c to \$1 Store
Wellington—Stoneberg & Rabble
West Lorne—J. T. Lemon & Son
West Monkton—Weber & Bettger
Westport—P. B. Genge
Wheatley—H. G. Hanson
Whitby—The Mercantile Dept. Store
Wilton—W. G. Cheshire
Winchester—H. Bessin
Windsor—Bartlett, Macdonald & Gow Ltd.
Windsor—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
H. Gray Ltd., 1733 Ottawa St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 215 Ouellette
C. H. Smith Co. Ltd.
Wingham—H. E. Isard
Walker Stores Ltd.
Woodbridge—Mrs. Fred Bagg
Woodville—Corner Store
Woodstock—Walker Stores Ltd.
Wyoming—A. Munro
Wyoming—R. H. McCormick

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Charlottetown—Prowse Bros. Ltd.
Montague—Clark Bros

QUEBEC

Acton Vale—Mde. Jos. Beaurand
Amos—P. A. Perigny
Amqui—G. A. Sinclair
Ashcroft—Hector Boudreau
Ayers Cliff—A. H. Slack
Baguville—Le Bazar Ltee.
Beauce Junction—Mr. L. D. Jacob
Beauveville—P. F. Renault Ltd.
Bie—Rendez-Vous
Beauharnois—J. N. Marchand
Bedford—L. H. Langevin
Beloeil—Mie. Clemence Guertin
Berthierville—D. Tessier
Bienville—E. E. Lemieux Ltd.
Bordeaux—Montreal—Mme. Ernest Com-
 tant, 1421 Blvd. Gouin O.
Brownburg—H. Pariseau
Buckingham—McCallum & Lahale
Cabane—Mde. A. L. Guereite
Cap de la Madeleine—Mde. Jos. Lepine
Cap St. Ignace—Mme. Gaud. Gilmont
Cartierville—Mme. R. Gauthier
Causapscal—J. A. Lavioie
Chamby—A. Brien
Chaudiere—Louis Carrier, Engr.
Chicoutimi—Mde. Henri de Moor
Thiffault & Saintonge
Chicoutimi West—Rivierin & Perron
Coteau—D. S. Rachand
Joseph Durocher
Cowansville—Ritz 5c to \$1 Store
Deschambault—Bertha Chandonnet
Dennacoma—Mde. Oscar Roy
Mde. G. Levesque
Dorion—Vaudreuil, J. W. Lezer
Drummondville—Mlle. F. Blanchard
Dunham—Miles D. J. & Beaulais
East Angus—Mde. O. Bergeron
Garham—Elphège Roy
Granby—J. O. Lamoureux
Grande Baie—N. Gagnon & Fils, Engr.
Grande Mare—Markus Hanna & Sons
Han Nord—H. Guertin
Hill-J. Pharaud
Joliette—Mad. W. Arpin
Jonquiere—J. W. Gagnon
Knowlton—F. N. Williams
Lachine—Lachine Remnant Store Ltd.
Lac au Saumon—Mr. L. Marmen
Lachute—Leonard 5c to \$1 Store
Lac-Mde. A. Landry
La Sarre—G. E. Lambert
L'Assomption—Pauzé & Fils Engr.
La Tuque—Mde. E. L. Banville
 Frank Spaul
L'Epiphanie—J. U. Deslardins
Levis—Levis 5-10-15 Engr.
Limoulu—C. E. Tremblay
Longue Pointe—Montreal—Maison
 Allard, 607 Coteau St.
Loretteville—Aix Aubaines
Louiseville—Mde. J. H. Langevin
Lyster—J. W. Landry
Maneg—J. Gagné
Malaric—Cleric's Bros. Reg'd.
Maniwaki—Anastase Roy
Maria—Miss Ida R. Fuere
Marville—J. E. Bergeron
McMasterville—Emile Strols
Metabetchouan—D. Larouche
Montebello—Melle. Juliette Boucher
Mont Joli—Pierre Normand, Engr.
Montmagny—Eugene Bernatchez
Montreal—Au Bon Marché, 3200 Masson
 Melle. L. Allard, 2401 St. Catherine
 Mde. Beaudoin, 1318 Belanger St. E.
 Mlle. Juliette Beaudoin
G. Beaugrand
R. Bergeron, 2516 Beaubien E.
 Melle. Rosa Bouchard, 5747 Jeanne
 J. A. Bruce & Co.
A. Chapdelaine, 4270 Notre Dame W.
H. Chapdelaine, 1879 Ontario St. E.
L. Chevalier, 206 Jarry St.
Chez Annette, 3679 Ontario E.
Chez Irene, 2246 Delorimor St.
Joseph Corbell, 6500 St. Hubert St.
 Melle. E. Cormier, 4051 Hochelaga St.
J. W. Cousineau & Fils, 532 Jarry St.
Pomponin—Remnant Stores Ltd.
Mad. A. Fraser, 1617 Lasalle St.
Pupuis Frères Ltd., 865 St. Catherine
 The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Federal 5c to \$1 Stores Ltd.
Miles J. & G. Goulet, 600 Jarry St.
Ant. Gosselin, 7058 St. Hubert St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., all stores
G. A. Langlois, 7550 St. Hubert St.
Jean Leroux, 2012 Rosemont Blvd.
Mrs. A. L. Lavasseur, 3073 Ontario E.
L. N. Messier Ltd., Mt. Royal & Fabre
G. Montpetit, 3555 Adam St.
Henry Morgan & Co. Ltd.
Paul Normandin, St. Denis & Liege
Jas. A. Odlry's Ltd.
A. Pelletier, 7410 De Gaspe St.
People's 5c to \$1 Stores Ltd.
Poisant, 6821 St. Lawrence Blvd.
Leo Rivet, 3917 St. Catherine St. E.
The Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.

G. Touchet, 2599 Lacordaire St.
Mme. Isabella Vallard
Mlle. E. Vidal, 2390 Frontenac St.
Naperville—Mme. Alexandre
 Charbonneau
Neranda—L'Economie, Mde. O. D.
 Fontaine
Normand—L. P. Hudon
Oka—Edouard Ouellette
Parent—Johnny Spain's Store
Plessisville—Mme. Vre. A. Michaud
Pointe-aux-Trembles—Jos. Casaubon
Pont Viau—Mlle. Marie Anne
 Charbonneau
Quebec—L. Bouchard, 760 St. Vallier St.
 T. D. Dubuc, 216 St. Johns St.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., all stores
The Paquet Co. Ltd.
Syndicat de Quebec, 225 St. Joseph St.
Zellers Limited
Rawdon—Mde. A. Giroux
Richmond—H. Charpentier
 Joseph Côté
Rimouski—H. G. Lepage, Engr.
 Michaud Engr.
Riviere du Loup—N. Kirallah
Rouyn—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Ste. Anne des Monts—H. Desjardins
Ste. Anne de Bellevue—G. Daoust & Cie
Ste. Anne de la Peste—L. Union
 Agriole
St. Barthelemy—Jos. Mercure
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St. Lenoire—L. Z. Gosselin
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St. Marie de Beauce—Mlle. B. Vachon
St. Marc—J. E. Jacob
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St. Pascal—Chapelle & Fils
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St. Roch de l'Achigan—Mme. Armand
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St. Thomas—Melle. Lydia Turron
St. Tite—Mde. E. Desaulniers
St. Ulric—Zenon Carrier
St. Ursule—Mad. Aveline Beland
St. Zephirin—E. Labaye
Shawinigan Falls—M. Ayron
J. A. W. Matteau 5c to \$1 Store
Sherbrooke—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
 C. O. Saint Jean Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Sorel—Charles Arpin
J. Leon Ferron
Sutton—R. J. Buckle
Temiskaming—Canadian International
 Paper Co.
Thetford Mines—A. Sotkavac & Fils.
Three Rivers—J. L. Fortin Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Trois Pistoles—Macassin Antia
Valleyfield—Roger Billette
 La Compagnie Dion Ltee.
Mde. Fabiola

As the Editor Sees It

May you be great enough to meet the needs of the New Year.

May you, as a woman, learn how to translate world-shattering events into a deeper realization of your own responsibility.

May you know, once and for all, how important are your own actions in the winning of the war.

May you realize that you, as an individual, have a job to do in Canada this year; and that ten to one, you are shirking it now!

"In Germany, it all depends on Hitler; that's Nazism.

"Here, it all depends on me. That's Democracy."

English men and women are learning that truth. Can't we make it a part of our daily living right here in Canada?

How? Let us think of one or two suggestions.

Until you can make Democracy a reality in the minds and hearts of your children, you will fail in your job as Number One Morale Builder. Describe it to them, as shown in the daily news events. Talk about it at table. Show them why it's worth fighting — and dying — for.

Until every meal on your table is planned for its food efficiency, you are letting your family down in your job as a housewife.

Until every penny that can possibly be diverted there, is put into War Savings Stamps, you have missed your great opportunity as the most important spender of the nation's income.

Until there are no lonely soldiers from your community, looking for mail or parcels; no undernourished children; no mothers suffering from prenatal neglect — you have failed in your responsibility to your community.

And it's not the other women's fault. It's yours.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if every woman in Canada could really take issue with herself on these points? If every woman would search her heart to see whether she was actively supporting the men in our armed forces?

"Am I really doing the job the situation demands? Or am I living in a dream world, knitting when I feel like it? Am I spending too much time in meetings? Do too many of my afternoons pass at tea parties, where I drop a quarter in a box for some war charity, and feel I've done my bit?"

"Bit" is surely the word for such a contribution — in a struggle which demands our very lives!

An all-out war effort in Canada means an all-out production in your home, as well as in the factories of the Dominion.

For it's life or death; survival or defeat. Every last one of us must buckle in and work as we never dreamed of working.

The decks of every home have to be cleared for action. The personnel of every home must be keyed to holding the individual war stations.

So, at the beginning of this mighty year of effort, 1942, this is my greeting to you, as women of Canada. And to you, reading this page by yourself.

May you be great enough to take from the year ahead the majestic ideal it offers — in keener intelligence, hard, hard work, and absolute self-sacrifice.

Byrne Hope Sanders

CHATELAINE

for January

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman
HORACE T. HUNTER, President
H. V. TYRRELL,
Vice-President and Managing Director
BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 322 Fifth Avenue, New York; 309 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago; Duncan A. Scott & Co., Mills Bldg., San Francisco; Duncan A. Scott & Co., Western Pacific Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Quadrant House, 55 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, Piccy, London — — YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE — In Canada \$1.00; Canadian points served by air mail only, \$1.50; all other parts of the British Empire \$1.50 per year, United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.00 per year, all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London, Eng. hotels, 9d. Copyright, 1941, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in the United States Patent Office. The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion is never sanctioned.

"Wake up Looking Lovely and Lively! Try my Beauty Nightcap"



RITA HAYWORTH, STARRING IN COLUMBIA PICTURES

Rita Hayworth speaking:

"**H**ERE'S a lovely secret. *Your complexion can grow lovelier*, day by day. All you need do is have a Beauty Nightcap nightly. All you need for that Nightcap is Woodbury Cold Cream.

"Why Woodbury? Because Woodbury is truly different. As your fingers dip into its silken-soft smoothness, you can know that here are beauty oils to help relieve the dryness that may foreshadow tiny lines. Use Woodbury nightly. You'll soon see . . . results. I know!"

Every night, Rita swirls on Woodbury till make-up is released and

dryness goes. Then she wipes this cream away, and dabs on the sheerest, filmiest veil of Woodbury—this time for all-night marvels.

All night, she can rest assured her complexion is gaining in beauty. For only in Woodbury Cold Cream is there a certain ingredient which is constantly working to preserve germ-free purity. All night, Woodbury safeguards, helps coax back skin freshness.

By breakfast-tray-time, she finds (and so will you) that the night has brought new softness, new complexion loveliness.

Try it. Such Woodbury magic—repeated every night—soon brings a truly dazzling complexion! Ask Rita Hayworth!



"For more glamour," says Rita Hayworth, "do this. Instead of dabbing fresh powder on top of stale powder, cleanse first with Woodbury Cold Cream. What a difference in eye-appeal!"



Test it. See for yourself what Woodbury Cold Cream's unique formula can do for you. Large jars are 50¢; while introductory sizes are 10¢, and 25¢. Get a generous jar today—you'll love it!

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use thrilling new tinted Woodbury Foundation Cream for powder base.

WOODBURY
Cold Cream

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

(MADE IN CANADA)